THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

GEN. TAYLOR'S CHARLESTON LETTER!

We received some days since, by Telegraph, the substance of the following letter from Gen. Taylor to a friend in Charleston, S. C. Many of our whig friends then doubted its authenticity because, we presume, "the wish was father to the thought," and not for any good or valid reason. They can doubt no longer—it comes in too authentic a shape, and bears the impress of its distinguished author's style too plainly not to be genuine.—The whole letter has not been published, but the following extract is copied into the Washington *Union* from the Charleston *News*, of the 16th of August.

Extract of a letter from Gen. Taylor to a friend in this city:

"I never had any aspirations for the Presidency, nor have I now, farther than the wishes of my friends are concerned *in the matter;* nor would I have it on any other terms than I stated when the subject was first agitated, which is that my acceptance must be without pledges or being trammelled in any way, so that I could be the President of the whole *nation* and not of a *party.*

"I have accepted the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention, as well as the nomination of many primary assemblies gotten up in various sections of the Union, in some instances irrespective of party; *and would have accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, had it been tendered on the same terms.* I am now fully, if not *fairly,* before the country as a candidate for the chief magistracy; and if it should be my good or bad fortune to be elected, I trust that my course will be such, for the most part, as regards the management of our national affairs, as will meet the approbation of my fellow-citizens. Should they fail to do so, they will, I flatter myself, have the charity to attribute my errors to the head, and not to the heart.

"Very respectfully, your friend,

"Z. TAYLOR."

This is certainly the unkindest cut of all. First to tell his whig friends plainly that by accepting the nomination of their convention he does not consider himself pledged to their policy—placing them, the "great whig party," as they boastingly style it, upon precisely the same footing with the "baker's dozen" of any-party and no-party *nominations*—but would even have accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention—the "loco-foco" nomination—if it had been tendered to him! And this, we suppose, is what is meant by a "whig, but not an ultra whig." Truly, says the Washington *Union*, here is a candidate for the whigs to scheme for, and toil for, and spend their money for, and give up their principles for, and sacrifice their well-tried and faithful leaders for!—Gen. Taylor says he would have taken the *democratic nomination on the same terms.* The country has learned, and candidates for the presidency have learned, by this time, that the Democratic nomination *is not to be had* by any man on *these same terms.* The democratic nomination, fortunately, is understood *to mean something,* and *to pledge something,* as to the political principles and course of the man who obtains it,

It will be seen that the General says he is "now fully, if not *fairly,* before the country as a candidate for the chief magistracy," thus leaving it to be inferred that *he* has some doubts about the "fairness" of his nomination. Can this refer to the statement of Judge Saunders—the pledges made by that gentleman *in the Convention*—and which pledges it was believed were made without authority, though the General afterwards endorsed them in a card to Bailie Peyton? Unquestionably that is what he refers to. In that statement Judge Saunders said:

"On behalf of the delegation of Louisiana, I will further state that Gen. Taylor desires it to be understood, that, in his opinion, *his friends who come into this convention are bound to abide by its decision, and to sustain the nominee 'heart and soul'*—that Gen. Taylor recognizes in this convention *those who have a right to withdraw his name, and will cheerfully acquiesce in such withdrawal.*

"In case the choice of this convention shall fall on another than Gen. Taylor, and his friends in this convention withdraw him, it will be their act, and not his, but in which he will cheerfully acquiesce; *and by the act of uniting with this convention, his friends withdraw his name from the canvass, unless he be the nominee of the convention.*"

And now, having obtained the whig nomination by this explicit avowal made in his behalf, that his name *would be withdrawn from the canvass* if he were not made the whig *nominee,* he turns round and tells the whigs that *their nomination is just as good* as any other that he has received, *and no better*—that it pledges him to nothing, and that he would have taken the Baltimore nomination on the same terms! Who can for a moment suppose that General Taylor could have obtained, or hoped to obtain, the Philadelphia nomination, if Judge Saunders, instead of saying what he did say there, had just got up and read this Charleston letter and then had taken his seat? Had this been done, the whigs at Philadelphia would *in mass* have scouted the idea of giving Gen. Taylor the nomination. And what can be said for the good faith of a candidate, who, after he is nominated, thus turns his back upon the pledges which, being made in his behalf, and obtained him the nomination, were afterwards sanctioned by him? What motive has the whig party to strive for his election? What ground has the country for believing that he can, as a politician, be safely trusted? All *show of consistency* has, beyond a doubt, been abandoned in the series of Gen. Taylor's letters.—Has the *substance* of good faith with his party been preserved?

ANOTHER KICK FROM THE AVAILABLE.—Well may the whigs exclaim with Martin Van Buren, "our sufferings is intolerable." Close upon the heels of the Lippard no-party letter, another makes its appearance, in which the "available" declares he would have *accepted a Democratic* nomination had it been tendered to him, and the ink of that is scarcely dry before the Telegraph announces that another has been ushered into this political world, in which the "available" *accepts* the nomination of a few Calhoun Democrats in South Carolina who have placed him on the ticket with Gen. Wm. O. Butler, the cominee of the Democratic party! Oh, ho, such a nominee!

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The best joke of the season is the assertion, gravely put forth by the Buffalo *Express,* that *Kentucky was the Presidential battle ground!* Punch and John Donkey combined can't beat that!

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, has seen a letter from John Van Buren, in which he says "Gen. Taylor will most assuredly be next President."—*Buff. Express.*

Of course—the election of Taylor is just what Martin Van Buren and his son John have been and are striving for. They care so little about "free territory," and so much for *revenge,* that they would take the stump for Taylor to-day did they not think they were helping him more effectually by their present course. It remains to to be seen whether democrats—*honest* democrats—will help them in this "crusade."

☞ The National *Intelligencer* says Taylor is "pledged to respect the legislative authority on all questions that may arise during his administration."—Gen. Taylor declares he *is not* and *will not* be pledged to any thing.

TWENTY-THIRD CONGRESS DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—We are glad to preceive the nomination of the Hon. JAMES THOMPSON, of the Erie district of Pennsylvania, for a reelection. The election of this distinguished democrat, who so ably represents his district in the present congress, may be counted upon as a matter of course.—The democracy of Pennsylvania, in all parts of that great commonwealth, were never in a sounder or stronger condition.—*Albany Argus.*

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

THE LINDEN TREE:

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Here's a song for thee—of the linden tree!
A song of the silken Lime!
There is no other tree so pleaseth me—
No other so fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in its scented shade,
When the sun was high, and the river nigh,
A musical murmur it made:

When, floating along like a winged song,
The traveler-bee would stop,
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star shone forth, afar,
And the gnats flew round and round,
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah!—years have fled, and the linden, dead,
Is a brand on the cotter's floor;
And the river creeps through its sunny deeps,
And youth—is a thought of yore!

Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain:
As deeds of love and wrong,
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,
Survive *in the poet's song.*

MEXICAN JEALOUSY.

A Sketch of the Late Campaign.

BY ECOTIER.

On the 15th of September, two days after the storming of Chapultepec, a small party of soldiers, in dark uniforms, were seen to issue from the great gate of that castle, and, winding down the Calzada, turn towards the City of Mexico. This occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was very hot, and the sun, glancing vertically upon the flinty rocks that paved the causeway, rendered the heat more oppressive.

At the foot of the hill the party halted, taking advantage of the shade of a huge cypress tree, to set down a litera, which four men carried upon their shoulders. This they deposited under one of the *arches of the aqueduct in order the better to protect* its occupant from the hot rays of the sun.

The occupant of the litera was a wounded man, and the pale and bloodless cheek, and fevered eye showed that his wound was not a slight one. There was nothing around to denote his rank, but the camp cloak, of dark blue, and the crimson sash, which lay upon the litera, showed that the wounded man was an officer. The sash had evidently been saturated with blood, which was now dried upon it, leaving parts of it shriveled like, and of a darker shade of crimson. It had staunched the life-blood of its wearer upon the 13th. The soldiers stood around the litter, their bronzed faces turned upon its occupant, apparently attentive to his requests. There was something in the gentle care with which these rude men seemed to wait upon the young officer, that bespoke the existence of a stronger feeling than mere humanity. There was that admiration which the brave soldiers feel for him who has led them in the field of battle, *at their head.* That small group were among the first who braved the frowning muzzles of the cannon upon the parapets of Chapultepec. The wounded officer had led them to those parapets.

The scene around exhibited the usual indications of a recent field of battle. There were batteries near, with dismounted cannon, broken carriages, fragments of shells, dead horses, whose riders lay by them, dead too, and still unburied. Parties were strolling about, busied with this sad duty, but heaps of mangled carcases still lay above ground, exhibiting the swollen limbs and distorted features of decomposition. The atmosphere was heavy with the disagreeable odor, and the wounded man, turning upon his pillow, gently commanded the escort to proceed. Four stout soldiers again took up the litera, and the party moved slowly along the aqueduct, toward the Garita Belen. The little escort halted at intervals for rest and to change bearers. The fine trees that line the great aqueduct, on the Tacubaya road, though much torn and mangled by the cannonade of the 13th, afforded a fine shelter *from the hot sun-beams.* In two hours after leaving Chapultepec, the escort entered the Garita Belen, passed up the Paseo Nuevo, and halted in front of the Alameda.

Any one who has visited the City of Mexico will recollect, that *opposite the Alameda, on its southern front,* is a row of fine houses, which continue on to the Calle San Francisco, and thence to the Great Plaza, forming the Calles Correo, Plateros, &c. These streets are inhabited principally by foreigners, particularly that of Plateros, which is filled with Frenchmen. To prevent their houses from being entered by the American soldiery upon the 14th, the windows were filled with national flags, indicating to what nation the respective owners of the houses belonged. These were Belgians, French, English, Prussians, Spanish, Danes, and Austrians—in fact, every kind of flag. Mexican flags alone were not to be seen. Where these should have been, at times, the white flag—the banner of peace—hung through the iron railings, or from the balcony. In front of a house that bore this simple ensign, the escort, with the litera, had accidentally stopped.

The eye of the wounded officer rested mechanically upon the little flag over his head, when his attention was arrested by noticing that this consisted of a small, white lace handkerchief, handsomely embroidered upon the corners, and evidently such as belonged to some fair being. Though suffering from the agony of his wound, there was something so attractive in this discovery, that the *eyes* of the invalid were immediately turned upon the window, or rather grating, from which the flag was suspended, and his countenance changed at once, from the listless apathy of pain to an expression of eager interest. A *young girl* was in the window, leaning her forehead against the *reja,* or grating, and looking down with more of painful interest than curiosity ubon the pale face beneath her. It was the window of the *entresol,* slightly raised above the street, and the young girl herself was evidently of that class known to the aristocracy of Mexico as the "leperos." She was tastefully dressed, however, in the picturesque costume of her class and country, and her beautiful black hair, her dark Indian eye, the half olive, half carmine tinge upon her soft cheek, formed a countenance at once strange, and strikingly beautiful. Her neck, bosom, and shoulders, seen over the window-stone, were of that form which strikes you as possessing more of the oval than the rotund, in short the model of the perfect woman.

On seeing the gaze of the wounded man so intently fixed upon her, the young girl blushed, and drew back. The officer felt disappointed and sorry, as one feels when the light, or a beautiful object is suddenly removed from his sight; still, however, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon the window, as though unable to unrivet his gaze. This continued for some moments, when a beautiful arm was plunged through the iron grating, holding in the most delicate little *fingers a glass of pinal.*

A solder stepped up, and taking the proffered glass, held it to the lips of the wounded officer, who gladly drank of the cool and refreshing beverage, without being able to thank the fair donor, who had withdrawn *her hand at parting* with the glass. The glass was held up to the window, but the hand that clutched it was coarse and large, and evidently that of a man. A muttered curse, too, in the Spanish language, was heard to proceed from within. This was heard but indistinctly. The invalid gazed at the window for some minutes, expecting the return of the beautiful apparition, then as if he had given up all hope, he called out a "gracias-adios!" and ordered the escort to move on. The soldiers, once more shouldering the litera, passed up the Calle Correo, and entered the Hotel Compagnon, in the street of Espiritu Santo.

For two months the invalid was confined to his chamber, but often, during that time, both waking and dreaming, the face of the beautiful Mexican girl would flit across his fevered fancy. At the end of this time his surgeon gave him permission to ride out in an easy carriage. He was driven to the Alameda, where he ordered the carriage to halt under the shade of its beautiful tree, and directly in front of the spot where he had rested on entering the city. He recognized the little window. The white flag was now not there, and he could see nothing of the inmates. He remained a considerable time seated in the carriage, gazing upon the house, but no face appeared at the cold iron grating, no smile to cheer his vigil. Tired and disappointed, he ordered his carriage to be driven back to the hotel.

Next day he repeated the manœuver, and the next, and the next, with a like success. Probably *he had not chosen the proper time of day.* It was certainly not the hour when the lovely face of the Mexican women appear in their balconies. This reflection induced him to change the hour, and, upon the day following, he ordered his carriage in the evening. Just before twilight, it drew up as usual under the tall trees of the Alameda. Imagine the delight of the young officer, at seeing the face of the beautiful Mexican through the gratings of the *reja.*

The stir made by the stopping of the carriage had attracted her. The uniform of its inmate was the next object of her attention, but when her eyes fell upon the face of the wearer, a strange expression came over her countenance, as if she were struggling with some indistinct recollections, and all at once that beautiful countenance was suffused with a smile of joy. She had recognized the officer.—The latter, who had been an anxious observer of every change of expression, smiled in return, and bowed an acknowledgment, then turning to his servant, who was a Mexican, he told him, in Spanish, to approach the window, and offer his thanks to the young lady for her act of kindness upon the 15th of September.

The servant delivered the message, and shortly afterward the carriage drove off. For several evenings the same carriage might be seen standing under the trees of the Alameda. An interesting acquaintance had been established between the young officer and the Mexican girl. About a week afterward, and the carriage appeared no more. The invalid had been restored to perfect strength.

December came, and upon the 15th of the month, about half an hour before twilight, an American officer, wrapped in a light Mexican cloak, passed down *the Calle San Francisco,* and *crossed into the Alameda.* Here he stoped, leaning against a tree, as though observing the various groups of citizens, who passed in their picturesque dresses. His eye, however, was occasionally turned upon the houses upon the opposite side of the street, and with a glance of stealthy, but eager inquiry. At length the well-known form of the beautiful "lepera" appeared at the window, who, holding up her hand, adroitly signaled the officer with her taper, fan-like fingers. The signal was answered. She had scarcely withdrawn her hand inside the reja, when a dark, scowling face made his appearance at her side, her hand was rudely seized, and with a scream she disappeared. The young officer fancied he saw the bright gleaming of a stiletto within the *gloomy grating.*

He rushed across the street, and in a moment stood beneath the window. Grasping the strong iron bars, he lifted himself up so as to command a view of the inside, which was now in perfect silence. His horror may be imagined when, on looking into the room, he saw the young girl stretched upon the floor, and, to all appearances, dead. A stream of blood was running from beneath her clothes, and her dress was stained with blood over the waist and bosom. With frantic energy the young man clung to the bars, and endeavored to wrench them apart. It was to no purpose, and letting go his hold, he dropped into the street. The large gate of the house was open. Into this he rushed, and reached the *patio* just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure escaping along the azotea. He rushed up the steep stone stairway, and grasping the parapet, raised himself on the roof. The fugitive had run along a series of platforms of different heights, composed by the azoteas of houses, and had reached a low *roof, from which he was about to leap into an adjoining street,* where he would in all probability, have made good his escape. He stood upon the edge of the parapet, calculating his leap, which was still a fearful plunge. It was not left to his choice whether to take or refuse it. A pistol flashed behind him, and almost simultaneously with the report he fell forward upon his head, and lay upon the pavement below, a bruised and bleeding corpse.—His pursuer approached the parapet, and looked over into the street, as if to assure himself that his aim had been true, then turned with a fearful foreboding, and retraced his way over the azoteas. His fears, alas! were but too just. She was dead.

A NEW CITY.—A correspondent of the New Haven *Palladium gives the following interesting account* of the new city of *Ireland,* now in the course of erection on the west side of Connecticut river, at South Hadley Falls, nine miles above Springfield.

A company, most of whose members reside in *Boston,* last year commenced operations preparatory to founding a manufacturing village, which in extent and population, will rival any place of the same character on the continent. A capital of $400,000 is engaged in the enterprise. The water is to be taken from the river at the falls, and conducted thro' a canal two hundred feet wide, bounded on each side by a wall of the heaviest kind, in the neighborhood of twenty-five feet high, laid in water cement.—From the *head* to the spot where the water again enters the river, the fall is between fifty and sixty feet. It is calculated that the water will be used twice and give sufficient power to work sixty first-class factories, which would support a population of over 100,000. Over a thousand laborers, almost all Irish, are now engaged on the works. To describe the present state of the gigantic undertaking, is impossible. Since the building of Babel I am very sure that a similar scene has not been witnessed.

Standing on an eminence above the scene of operations, I know of nothing that the appearance of *the swarmy multitude can be compared to, save a* vast ant heap. On every side you see clustering clouds of laborers, with their wonder working barrows, which directed by science, achieve more wonderful triumphs than even the fabled lamp of Alladin. Hills of solid rock, which a century ago would have been thought impregnable until the "great globe should melt with fervent heat," are disappearing as tho' by magic. The benefits which will result from this undertaking to the surrounding county, are incalculable. I do not know that I was ever more forcibly impressed with there ach of human intellect, than I was by this sight.

In order to appreciate the magnitude of the works which I have alluded to, it is necessary that they should be seen. Mountain-like masses of granite are handled with a readiness which rivals the exploits of the fabled Titan, and placed in the spots to fill which they were hewed out of the living rock, with the apparent ease of a school boy erecting a cob house.

I do not know a place in New England better worth visiting by any man who truly wishes to know what Yankee enterprise is, than this same city of Ireland. Certainly a few hours can be more profitably spent here than at any of the crowded centres of fashionable frivolity.

FOR SALE.—A large lot of Whig Principles, sacrificed at Philadelphia, rendered useless in consequence of the nomination of Gen. Taylor. They will be sold cheap, to close a concern.

BIRTH AT A PIC NIC.—A pic nic, held in a grove near Boston' a few days since, received an unexpected accession to its number, a lady present giving birth to a fine, stout child!

THE FORTUNES OF A VOLUNTEER.

Nearly two years ago a young man, who was ploughing in a field by the side of a road that led to Lexington, saw a horseman passing by with rapid speed. He hailed him and inquired what was the news, and in return was told that the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought and won. The oxen were quietly chewing their cuds, and the furrow was but half finished when our hero resolved that he too, would do some thing for his country. Poetry and reality are very much like vinegar and oil, and will not readily combine, and we must therefore state that the young Kentuckian instead of calling out his vassals and leading them "casque on head and spear in hand" over the draw-bride that crossed the moat near his castle walls, he very coolly unyoked his cattle, drove them up to the barn-yard and told his "daddy" that he "was off." He said that he was going to Mexico, for he was determined that one of the family at least should get a glimpse of the Halls of the Montezumas. The old man took down a rifle from a pair of hooks that were fastened in the wall, and said to him, "Harry, I shouldered *that* at the river Raisin—come back with it, I don't care how rusty, but don't flinch fire! Here, wife! give me the stocking!" The mother of the young man, who had overheard the conversation, came slowly forward, and with tears in her eyes, put the hard-earned savings of the season into her husband's hand.—"Harry," said the old man, "here's $20, go and list my boy—take the old white mare and spur her 'till you git a steamer—jump aboard and never stop 'till you git to New Orleans—then land yourself on another vessel and steer away for Mexico—give the yaller fellers pills from the iron mouth of that old rifle, but above all things Harry, come home like a man and not like a dog, or I'll give you the ——whaling that you ever caught in your life!" The young man knew his father's temper, and whilst the crystal tears coursed down his sun-burnt cheeks, he grasped his aged parent's hand, and that unmistakeable, unspoken, but true thrill of affection passed through the hearts of both. It was sadder still to part with the mother, even though when yet a girl she had made her home *in the "Dark and Bloody* Ground," Kentucky. She did not weep, but there was a moisture in her eye, and a pallor on her brow, that told that the fountains of the deep affection in her bosom were well nigh broken up. A moment *more and she had parted with her only son*—perhaps for ever! Rifle in hand and saddle-bags upon his arm, Harry jumped on the old mare and darted off as swiftly as her aged hoofs would carry him to the first landing on the river. In less than a week he was in New Orleans, and an hour afterwards enrolled himself as a member of Co. C., ——— Volunteers. The next day embarked for the Brazos, and as may well be expected, suffered considerably from rain, sun and sand. Orders were given to march, and march they did until they came to Metamoras, when they embarked on board the "Hatchee Eagle," Captain Stevens commanding, bound up the river for Camargo. After a weary passage of three days upon that beautiful river called the Rio Grande, which, by-the-by, is so crooked, that a man who is looking from the bow of the boat, *has to turn around* and fix his gaze upon the stern-post, and then is at a loss to know which way he is travelling. It was near the morning—the dense chaparral that skirted the banks of the river veiled the scene beyond from the anxious gaze of the traveller. Gen. Lamar, Col. Whiting, Col. Belknap, and others, were standing upon the upper deck. It was indeed a beautiful prospect. The flamingoes, with their crimson plumage, were to be seen upon almost every little islet, and the tall crane like so many white-legged ghosts, strutted up and down the shore. Occasionally one might see a Mexican maid descend to the river's bank, to fill her earthern-ware jar with water, and then run away as though the "deil was after her." All were gazing upon the novelties with which they were surrounded, *when suddenly* in turning a bend, the pilot pointed to a boat on the larboard. A grey-haired officer stated that he thought that the boat was blown up, and his opinion was too true. The steamboat rapidly approached the *scene of the disaster,* and in a few moments an awful picture was presented. The "Enterprise" had bursted her boilers and was a wreck from stem to stern. A hundred wounded creatures were howling, writhing, like so many maimes, upon the deck and in the chaparral. Amongst them was a young man who, by the falling of a piece of timber, had broken his arm. Our Kentucky friend was the first to step upon the wreck, and taking the wounded man in his arms he brought him on board the steamboat and nursed him as tenderly as he would have nursed a child, until they reached Reynosa. The man who was wounded said he was very grateful and would never forget the kindess of the young volunteer.

Well, time passed on, and a series of victories that appeared like star after star in the crimson firmament of war, showed in the distance the horizon of peace. Harry fought from Monterey to the city of Mexico, and it was only the other day that he returned to New Orleans with the opinion that he had seen sufficient of war to rest upon his oars for a spell. He had forgotten the *"Enterprise" and* the stranger that he had so generously attended to. On Saturday last, whilst walking down Royal street, Harry was hailed by a person whose features he thought he recognized. When the meeting took place, he found out that *the stranger* who had accosted him was the same individual that he had nursed on the banks of the Rio Grande. A change had taken place in the fortunes of both, but the gratitude of the one was not forgotten. The stranger welcomed his humble friend with all the warmth of a noble heart and invited him to his residence. Here he introduced him to his cousin, a beautiful young lady of about eighteen years of age. It didn't take long for Harry to ingratiate himself into the damsel's affections—they rapidly skimmed over the surface of life until they came to matrimony, and in that blissful stream mutually resolved to sink or swim. A noble steamboat went away on Tuesday evening last, and Harry and his betrothed were on board. The lady brings the poor volunteer $50,000 in her own right, and he brings her a manly form, an honest heart, and an unblemished character.—[*N. O. Crescent.*

SHOCKING AFFAIR AT ST. LOUIS.—We copy the following from the St. Louis *Organ* of the 9th inst:

An assault with a loaded revolver was made by John Jackson, on another man named Sherman at the Empire House, yesterday afternoon, and it is only astonishing that Sherman was not killed dead on the spot. Jackson stood only some five or six feet from Sherman at the head of a short flight of steps, and discharged five balls at Sherman in rapid succession, one of which grazed his cheek and drew blood freely. Sherman stood firmly facing Jackson, and exclaiming during the murderous attack. "D—n you, shoot!—straighter!—hit me, if you can!". At the pull on the last barrel, the cap snapped, and Jackson instantly made off, running past Sherman into Pine street, whence he made his escape. As he passed him, Sherman made no attempt to arrest him, but only exclaimed that if Jackson couldn't shoot truer than that he had better not shoot again. An old Indian trader, who, from the window of the billiard room, saw the whole affair, declared that he had seen men stand firmly in Indian fights, but he never had seen such bravery as Sherman's. It must be confessed that he showed no flinching, where ninety-nine men would, unarmed as he was, have turned upon their heels and run from danger.

The cause of the assault, as we learn, grew out of a playful act, on the part of Jackson, which was met on the part of Sherman with the same spirit, and the latter had no idea of having offended Jackson until he drew his pistol upon him. Jackson was subsequently arrested and taken to the calaboose, but was realeased on giving bail in the sum of five hundred dollars.

☞ The voluptuous man stands in the market to be bought and sold.

WICK'S INTRODUCTION TO MR. PAYNE.

From the Texas Union.

We publish to-day a curious letter from W. W. Wick, M. C. from Indiana, addressed to C. Payne, Esq., of this place, under the following circumstances: Mr. Payne, after reading Mr. Wicks speech on a question of privilege, was so much pleased by the entire good sense, the quaint humor and unrivaled wit which he displayed, that in a letter to a mutual acquaintance, Hon. D. S. Kauffman, he expressed a desire "to know all about him" (Wick.) This letter was placed in Mr. Wick's hand by Mr. Kauffman, and called forth the following unique reply. It is proper for us to say that the writer did not intend it for publication:

June 12, 1848.

William W. Wick is a full blooded yankee, tho' born in Cannonsburgh, Washington county, Pennsylvania, Feb. 23d, 1796. In 1800, Wick's father, a Presbyterian Preacher, settled in the woods, in the poorest township in the Western Reserve of Ohio, adjoining the Pennsylvania State line. Here Wick lived, going to school, toiling at ordinary labor, and indulging in day dreams till the time of his father's *death in 1814. He then renounced all interest in* his father's estate, (which was only some $3000,) and took himself off. 'Till spring 1816, he essayed "to teach the young idea how to shoot," in Washington county, Pennsylvania, when he descended the Monongahela and Ohio in a "broad horn" to Cincinnati. He taught school and studied, first medicine, and then law, 'till December, 1819: read chemistry principally by the light of log heaps in a clearing, and law o' nights and Sundays, (wrong so far as sunday is concerned.) December, 1819, settled in Connersville, Indiana, as a lawyer, and made and ent his mother a deed for his interest in his father's real and personal estate. December, 1820, was chosen Clerk of the House of Representatives of Indiana, and 'till January, 1822, when he was chosen Judge of a new circuit, just formed, and removed to Indianapolis, where he has ever since resided. In three years he resigned the Judgeship, because it was starving him, and was chosen Secretary of State—served four years—then chosen circut prosecuting Attorney—*then Judge again. He has also* figured as Quartermaster General, and is now a Brigadier. He has committed much folly in holding offices, and only escapes the condemnation of his own judgement in consideration of the fact that he was *never green* enough to accept a seat in the State Legislature. In 1835 Wick changed his politics—his party did not leave him—he left it. [In this he differs from most great men.] In 1839 he was chosen a M. C. as a Democrat, and as successor to Col. Kinnard, who died from the blowing up of a steamboat when on his way to Washington. [Col. Kinnard had been in Congress for some years.] In 1845 and 1847 Wick was nominated and elected to Congress. He was a candidate for Congress in 1831, and got beat. Right. He was once a Clay candidate for elector, and got beat. Right. In 1844 was a Democratic candidate for elector—successful. Right.

In the intervals of the above engagements, he practiced law, never made much at that; did not *know how to scare and skin a client. In 1821* he married a wife who died in 1832. He has a son and daughter married, and five grand children living.—His youngest boy (a third child and all) went last year "to see the Elephant" as a private in the Illinois Volunteer Regiment—then he was near 17 years of age. He went without leave, but (good boy) he wrote for and got leave after he was gone. He has acquired Spanish enough to write a good Spanish letter, and unassisted by Wick's name, has worked his way. He is now clerk to the Depot Quartermaster at the city of Mexico. Says the climate in Mexico is better than in Indiana, and that the boys killed themselves drinking spirits, eating Mexican fruits, and "cavorting."—Wick has committed much folly in his time—the principal of which have been *holding offices, writing rhymes, playing cards* for money, and paying other people's debts—all which he abandoned about the time he became a Democrat.

At this present writing Wick is 52 years of age, fair, a little fat, having increased since 1833 from 146 to 214 lbs.—six feet and one inch high, good complexion, portly—has been called the best looking man about town—but that was ten years ago—not to be sneezed at now—a little grey—has had chills and fever, billious attacks, and dyspepsia enough to kill a dozen common men, and has passed through misfortunes sufficient to humble a score of ordinary specimens of human nature. His system being sluggish, he takes a sarsaparilla bitter, or some number 6, in the morning, and takes a glass or two of wine, (if good at dinner when he can get it.) He has acquired a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge, loves fun, looks serious, rises early, works much and has a decilled perchant for light diet, humor, reading, business, the drama, music, a *fine horse, his gun, and the woods.* Wick owes nothing, and were he to die to day his estate would inventory eight or nine hundred dollars. He saves nothing of his per diem and mileage, and yet has no vices to run away with money. He "takes no *though* for to-morrow," but relies upon the same good Providence to which he is a debtor for all.

Wick would advise young men to fear and trust God, to cheat rogues, and deceive intriguers by being perfectly honest, (this mode misleads such cattle effectually,) to touch the glass lightly, to eschew security and debt, tobacco, betting hypocrisy and Federalism, to rather believe, or fall in with new philosophical and moral humbugs, and to love woman too well to injure her. They will thus be happy now, and will secure serenity at fifty-two years of age, and thence onward.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occuring around us, possesses a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following over true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration:

Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished, for a long term of years, to Australia. Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider.—With one of these expatiated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had born the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who has been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly shipped on board a whaling vessel, which at the end of two years more, landed him on his native shores.

Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate, indeed, and he determind to see, and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries, he traced them to Knox county, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should be done? The first husband was anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his claim as good.

They were reasonable people all around. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood a couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.

What more complexing position could a woman be placed in than that? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affections. One was the father of all her children but one, the companion of her youth—the other, bound to her heart by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them. She could not for a time decide—what true-hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision.

Which could she choose but the man around whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offerings of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unfailing constancy to the never-setting star of the North; and in like manner, the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after all vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of "first—only love."

A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that, as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time. The re-united family now made preparations to go to a new home; and so great was the interest excited in the neighborhood by this singular affair, that as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.

We naturally sympathize with the first husband to whom wife and children are restored, but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?—*Chicago Tribune.*

AN INCIDENT OF GEN. CASS,

BY THE "BREAD-BOY."

Trifles oft speak the greatness of the heart.

During the Black Hawk war, and while the government troops were being transferred, I think it happened that Gen. Lewis Cass—the distinguished candidate for the Presidency, then Secretary of War under Gen. Jackson—travelled through the State of New York. Then, not as now, might you breakfast in the city of Albany and step on board a *railroad car, with a certainty in twenty-four hours* of being seated at the board of a Buffalo hotel, over three hundred miles away; but rather by stage-route and packet-boat on the Erie canal—which, by the way, at five to six miles per hour at that day was conceded to be "right smart" getting on by water.

It was in 1832, I think, the time of which I speak, and summer. The rocky village of Little Falls, some eighty miles west of Albany, has ever been the wonder of all passers-through and especially of those who, travelling canal-wise, have better opportunities for noticing the almost insurmountable obstacles of hill, and rock, and chasm, and swamp, which were finally overcome in completing that mammoth channel,

The packet was passing through the village above named, when, as was his custom, a boy of some nine or ten years of age, with a basket of brown bread swinging upon his arm, dropped in among the crowd of passengers, making the best of his way to the steward's department. "The Bread Boy," as he was *familiarly styled,* having made sale of his brown loaves, was returning, but, upon hearing the name of General Cass mentioned, turned to look upon the distinguished man who was directing all those troops and the Black Hawk war. In his eagerness to catch a good view of the great man, he by accident dropped his purse into the canal, containing the proceeds of his entire sale—little to many, to him much. This was a loss which brought tears to the eyes of the poor "Bread Boy;" yet he silenced his feeling and looked upon the object of his admiration with tears still rolling down his face.

The great man had witnessed the accident; and as the unfortunate boy turned to leave the deck of the boat, the heart of the General seemed to feel for the boy's misfortune. Stepping towards him, he said:

"My fine boy, you have met with a misfortune; what amount had you in your purse?"

"Three shillings and ninepence, sir," answered the "Bread Boy."

"Well, little man, do not cry any more; here is a silver dollar to make up your loss."

And the "Bread Boy" received from the hand of Gen. Cass a silver American dollar, the prompted gift of one whose goodness of heart ever moves him to "feel for others woes." That generous disinterested act could never be forgotten. The manner in which it was done, proved benevolence with him was not an act seldom performed, and the deed was better than the gift to the now smiling boy. He who *was* the "Bread Boy," is one no longer now, nor has been for many long years: and, although he has until recently done battle in the field of whiggery in more than one solid way, he is proud *now* to do battle for the democracy under the standard of the hero of 1812, the maintainer of "free trade and sailors' right," against English usurpation and the patriot of his own State—the next President of the United States—General Lewis Cass.

Oft yield men great gifts, to make a foolish show;
But, dearer is that gift, not giv'n all men to know.
Who gives his thousands, gives, oft, but for name,
And, failing, thus forfeit despairs of fame.
The widow's mite, in meekness given, in sight
Of God, much richer is than thousand just as bright,
Tho' given by lord, possessed of kingly part—
Trifles oft show the greatness of the heart.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7, 1848.

SPLIT PEAS.—In an eastern city, a cabinet maker employed two Germans as porters to deliver his furniture. One morning he loaded his car with a bureau, and gave directions where to have it left.—"And by-the-bye," said he to one of them, handing him a shilling, "on your way back get a pint o' peas." They stayed an unusual time, and when at length they did return, it was soon ascertained that they had enormous "levicks" in their hats. "Why, you infernal rascals," roared the angry boss, "you are both drunk." "Yaw," said one of them, "you gift us ter shilling to buy a pint a piece; we trinkt him, and we are pote *so trunk ash ter* touyful!"

KILLED IN A SHAM BATTLE.—The Pittsburgh *Gazette* says: "S. R. H. Barker, a youth of nineteen, was killed accidentally on Friday last under the following circumstances. A number of young men had gone down the river, near the head of Seven Mile Island, for the purpose of hunting and fishing. A proposition was made to engage in a sham fight, with their guns charged with powder only—all the guns, as was supposed, having been carefully examined. One, however, was unfortunately overlooked, which contained a load of squirrel shot, and at the first fire young Barker was shot in the breast and died soon afterwards.

Miscellany; Politics and News.

SEVERE REBUKE.

From the Delaware Gazette.

Wm. Penn Chandler, Esq.: My Dear Sir—Having observed the following article in the *Journal*, a Whig paper, published in your city, viz: "CHANGES. —George C. Collins, who was formerly a Whig, has declared himself in favor of Cass and Butler. He seems to have taken offence at the Whig party because the Convention did not nominate Henry Clay for the Presidency. George must have abandoned principles which he oftentimes, in this part of the country, avowed to be found in good policy, truth, and justice; we recollect that he was in favor of the protective principle, and all the Whig measures: how he can side with a party which promulgates exactly the reverse of his former opinions, and advocate the election of men who will overthrow or prevent all the good which he labored to establish, we cannot exactly know. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Collins has left us; but he is at liberty to adopt his own course, and we must find solace in the fact that great geniuses sometimes commit great errors.

"But, as regards losses, we place Martin Van Buren in the scale against Mr. Collins: we think Martin's opposition to Cass will outweigh some thousand of discontented Whigs." I beg leave to reply thereto.

It is true that I was formerly a Whig, and would have still continued so to be, had that party still maintained any honorable political existence. I *have* taken offence at the Whig party because the Convention did not nominate Henry Clay for the Presidency; but though devotedly attached to that illustrious statesman, I would nevertheless have, (though not so affectionately) supported any other statesman, who, through the course of a long public life, had given to his country sufficient evidence of his ability as a statesman, and to his party such proofs, as would have been incontrovertible, that he was a Whig. I have *not* abandoned any principle which I oftentimes avowed in Delaware, "as founded in good policy, truth, and justice;" because, instead of issues being joined upon the principles which I then advocated, the whole platform upon which they were erected has been demolished, and upon its ruins have been substituted mere AVAILABILITY and EXPEDIENCY.

I *was* an advocate for the protective principle, but where is the evidence that I am *not* still so? Is it because I refuse to sustain a military hero, who has been educated and trained in the camp from his boyhood to old age; who thought so little of the obligations of civil duties as never to have voted even once in his long life; who is a slaveholder, and by nature and position necessarily in favor of free trade to its most obnoxious extent; who is surrounded by all those political associations and influences which have been always hostile to this policy, and which has been most potent in procuring for him the nomination, that I can with "truth and justice" be said to have *abandoned the "protective principle?"* I do *not* "side with a party which promulgates exactly the reverse of my former opinions, and advocate the election of men who will overthrow or prevent all the good which I labored to establish." The fact *is*, the *party* to which I had the honor to belong, abandoned all the long cherished principles, which I was wont to advocate, and threw to the winds all the dignity and consistency arising from, and inherient in, a uniform support of sound political ethics for the obvious and oft avowed reason of procuring to itself a national triumph at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

As to the sorrow manifested by the courteous editor of the *Journal* for my leaving the Whig party, I have only to say that I entertain, I believe, still greater sorrow, that the WHIG PARTY not only *left* me, but also *left principle*. As to the *solace* which he derives from the idea that "great geniuses sometimes commit great errors," I only wish that instead of its being derived from any conduct of an humble citizen like myself, who has never made any pretensions to *genius*, though often subject to *error*, that he would particularly examine the conduct of the WHIG *"Slaughter House"* Convention, held in Philadelphia on the ever memorable days of the 7th, 8th, and 9th of June A. D. 1848, and in truthful soberness, acknowledge that "great geniuses" committed not only *great*, but irremidiable *errors* there, and that if Mr. Collins erred in consequence of that body's dereliction of all grand and ennobling political action—all *entity and affiliated principle* as a party—all harmony and unity as a Convention, and I might venture to say, all obligations, duties, and regard to and for the wishes and affections of a large majority of its constituents, he has not done any more than the urgency and importance of the occasion peremptorily required, as well to vindicate his former professions of political principle, from the charge of insincerity, or dissimulation; as freely and fearlessly to re-assert that military chieftains, fresh from the field of carnage and of blood, are not as safe repositories for civil trusts as those who have spent their whole lives in the Cabinet and the service of the State. In my humble opinion, there is sufficient reasons for the excellent and gentlemanly editor of the *Journal* not only to regret but to weep over the prostrate condition of the late Whig party, which has nothing now to recommend itself to popular favor, but the oft, by us, condemned negative principle of AVAILABILITY and EXPEDIENCY.

As to placing Mr. Van Buren in the scale against Mr. Collins, my esteemed friend has forgotten himself; indeed, he has truly said that his opposition to Gen. Cass will outweigh some thousands of discontented Whigs. But most unfortunately for Gen. Taylor, Mr. Van Buren will have in the scale with him, *more* thousands of true-hearted Whigs, than of the party with his long public life and acts have been identified. I consider myself infinitely inferior to Mr. Van Buren in all those requisites which constitute human greatness, and am sorry that my old friend should have thought so little of the ex-President of the United States, as to have suffered himself to draw a comparison between him and an humble Attorney at the Bar. *"Quomodo tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."* It seems, then, that the editor rightly views the matter after all, when he considers that great men when they condescend to do mean things, descend so low as to be placed even on a level with humble men, who do not aspire to great things, but endeavor to content themselves in their own lowly condition.

In conclusion, I beg leave to return my thanks to the editor of the *Journal*, for the kind sentiments which he has always entertained toward me, and take this occasion to assure him that whatever success is likely to crown our efforts in the establishment of the *protective policy*, will not originate from any support which Zachary Taylor or his Southern friends will afford it; but on the contrary, that reasonable protection will more certainly follow from the election of Gen. Cass, whose associates and friends have always been more or less identified with the Tariff policy. And that the republic will be safer under the administration of a ripe statesman than an adventurous warrior. Sincerely yours,

GEO. C. COLLINS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Portsmouth Gazette, one of the ablest Democratic journals in New England, thus speaks of the political aspect of things in New Hampshire. They talk right in the old Granite State, and they will vote right:

"There are scores of whigs in every considerable town who openly declare their hostility to Taylor, and who will vote with the Liberty party, either for Van Buren or Hale. Enough of these, it is confidently believed, will go with the Liberty party to leave the Taylor faction in the position of the "third party." In the meantime, the democrats are united to a man. We know not a single case of defection in our ranks. We cannot hear of a single man who voted with us last March, who will now go for either Taylor or Van Buren. The democracy of the Granite State are bound to clear the course in November "with a *rush*," and elect Cass and Butler electors by an old-fashioned majority of from 6,000 to 10,000. Cass's plurality over the highest opposition candidate will be at least, 18,000, while Taylor will fall in a minority of probably some 28,000. Present appearances indicate that the democrats will cast from 30,000 to 32,000 votes, while the two divisions of the abolition-whig-independent "allied army" now defunct—the one with Gen. Zachary Taylor for a leader, the other with Gen. John Parker Hale—will throw not far from 12,000 each.

☞ Francis was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his court. He said, in a style of true gallantry, "that a drawing room without ladies, was like the year without the spring; or rather like spring without flowers."

FROM OREGON.

The Oregon Spectator of the 20th April contains the substance of a talk held by Governor Abernethy with the Indians. The substance of the Governor's address was a demand for the surrender of the men who destroyed the Mission families, backed by strong assurances of the punishment that would not fail to be administered by the United States.

The replies of the chiefs, eight in number, were favorable enough—all disclaiming any agency in the murders, and expressing regret that they had been committed; but the value of their protestations seems not to have been very great, judging from the intelligence contained in the following extracts:

There is reason to apprehend that the Nez Perces are about to join the Cayuses. The feastings of the Cayuses by the Nez Perces, if true, can hardly be misinterpreted. The Nez Perces are numerous, warlike, and wealthy; as they go, most of the neighboring tribes will go. The death of Ellis is a great loss to the whites. The recent rally of the volunteers upon the call of the Governor shows a determination with the people to wage this war to an honorable termination. This is right.

Extracts from a letter bearing date at Fort Waters, April 4, 1848, written by Jesse Cadwallader, say: At present we are not in a very pleasant fix for fighting, as we are but 150 in number, and nearly out of amunition. Col. Gilliam, with the rest of the men, left here on the 20th ult. for the Dalles, for supplies. We look for them in a few days, and hope to see more men with him. We look for the Indians to come on us every day; they say they will give us one more fight, and drive us from the country. We expect they will number 1,200. The Cayuses, Nez Perces, Walla Wallas, Spokans, and Peluches, will all join and fight us, and we may expect a call for more men in a short time. We are preparing for an attack. We are killing beef and drying it to-day. I think we can defend this post; we shall do so, or die in the attempt.

The St. Louis Republican, of the 12th, has information twelve days later. The acres of growing crops in Oregon are estimated to be double those of any former year, and it is admitted the corps look better now than in any previous year. An abundant harvest is anticipated from the present crop—sufficient to supply an imigration of 16,000.

There was no news of importance, farther than that the Oregon regiment, under Colonel Lee, has fought another battle with the Indians, in which no whites were killed, but several wounded—some mortally, it was feared. Colonel Lee and his gallant band were obliged to retreat, for want of amunition.

HEAR A WHIG.—The Alton *Telegraph* contains a communication from a Whig, who puts the following home question to his party:

Mr. EDITOR:—You will know by the hand writing who this is from; and you know, or ought to know, that a more devoted Whig, in principle and practice, cannot be found. And I wish through the medium of your colums, to inquire of the members of the Whig National Convention, which met in Philadelphia in June last, why they nominated Gen. Zachary Taylor for President of these United States? Was it because he had fought two or three successful battles? If yea, then what becomes of the equal, if not superior claims in that respect, of Gen. Winfield Scott! Had they forgot that the American people, but five elections since, under the intoxicating influence of a surfeit of liberty, and its happy privildeges, elected to that high a office a military chieftain, whose popularity, on account of his battles, was his sole recommendation for that high station; and that ever to be deplored event, gave to our infant liberties, "a shog maist ruined a." Was not Gen. Taylor nominated because it was supposed that his popularity with "the million," on account of his battles, would render him the more available candidate?—And had he lost one or more of those battles, would he have stood any chance for the nomination?—and yet might he not have lost them all, and still possessed equal, or far superior, qualifications to discharge the duties appertaining to the office of President of these United States, than he does now? And was not his nomination, under all the circumstances, mainly owing to the writing of one electioneering letter at the last? A satisfactory answer to these inquiries, I must receive from one or more of the members of that Convention before my vote can ever be given for General Zachary Taylor.

JEALOUSY AND ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—Last evening, a girl of the town named Laurietta Franklin, formerly of Deerfield, N. H., was taken to the police office by officer Patten, who stated that she had attempted to murder another girl of the town, by inflicting severe wounds upon her with a bowie knife. The wounded girl, whose name was Mary Jane Kimball, formerly of Bangor, Maine, was also brought in, and a physician sent for, who found, on examination, that she had received a severe cut on the left shoulder. It was gathered from the stories of the parties that a jealousy concerning some man had existed between them for some time past, and meeting in Court street, near Higgins' oyster saloon, a few words passed between them, when Laurietta drew a large bowie knife and inflicted the wounds above described. The surgeon pronounced the wounds not of a dangerous character, but the girl on whom they were inflicted was so weak, from the loss of blood, that she had to be sent to her house in a carriage. Laurietta was taken to jail for safe keeping.—*Bost. Times.*

A CURIOSITY.—Our friend Dr. Gaston left with us a few days ago, some pieces of wood, being part of a trunk of a tree, which was found more than forty feet below the surface of the earth. Laborers were engaged in digging a well on the farm of Isaac Sandusky, *a few miles east of town*. After digging through the soil and sub-soil to the debth of nine feet, they came to a bed of pure blue clay *forty two feet thick*. While digging through this clay, which was so compact as to require the constant employment of the pick, they found the wood, embedded in the clay, at the depth above mentioned. The pieces we have, somewhat rasemble charcoal in appearance, though very different in quality. The wood looks as if it had lost its life by *long seasoning down below*, but has no appearance of ordinary decay. It may last longer than we shall, notwithstanding we have been hardened by the small pox: How long that tree has been imbedded, we can't even *guess*. Perhaps it fell soon after the time when the waters covered the face of the earth. Who shall say?—*Indiana Sentinel.*

ALABAMA.—We caution the Democratic public of the North from being deceived by the Van Buren disunion and Federal papers as to the condition of things in Alabama. The "distinguished Democrats" of that State represented by these parties to have joined Yancey in the crusade against Cass and Butler, are, within our own knowledge, nothing but a clique of noisy fellows in a single country—Montgomery—who aspire to bar-room notoriety when "three parts drunk." They make a great noise, and we presume swear quite as hard against the Baltimore Convention as the squad of loafers usually hanging around the office of a sore-headed print in our immediate vicinity. Save Belser and Sam Rice, no man in Alabama known to a thousand people out of his own county, has deserted the Democratic flag. Belser aspired to a seat in the Senate, was laughed to scorn for his presumption and vanity, and turned Taylorite out of spite. He is on the electorial ticket, through the Whig State Committee are soon to have a meeting to substitute the name of another in his stead; because he continues to denounce the nomination of Fillmore, devoting quite as much of his speeches to the work of crying down the Federal nominee for the second office, as to that of crying up the Commander of the Army of Occupation. Rice was beaten twice by McConnell, though once regularly nominated for Congress by the Democracy. In a district where we have a majority of thousands, he was badly beaten and by such a man. This shows the extent of his political influence and its character. His defection—his *ratting to Taylor—will be worth hundreds of votes* in favor of Cass Butler. The Montgomery county "rats," at the last great meeting there, in which Yancey introduced and advocated resolutions against the action of the Baltimore Convention, voted perhaps twenty strong in their favor, which comprises their strength. They are "some" on a bar-room stoop, (such as all dogeries at the South are furnished with,) or on a quarter-race track: but their political influence or capacity, we repeat, is about on a par with that of the knot of profound claquers of Peter Funks often blocking up Nassau street in front of the Globe office.—*New York True Sun.*

A YOUNG FELON.—One of the charges specified in the indictment against the Felon newspaper, is a song written, by a son of John Mitchell, ten years of age!

FROM NEW ORLEANS, CUBA, CENTRAL AMERICA AND YUCATAN.

The Steamship Cresent City arrived at New York on Wednesday evening, with New Orleans dates to the 16th, and Havana to the 19th. The news from New Orleans is unintoresting. The intelligence from Cuba is of little moment. Quite a disastrous fire had occurred at Puerto Principle, on the 5th inst. by which the establishment of Senores Belandin and Hornosa, was totally destroyed, and a large amount of property lost.

In the Havana papers we find accounts from Central America to the 5th of July, by which it appears the civil war in Guatemala was still going on, and that the government troops under the command of Gen. Carrera, had been defeated on several occasions by the insurgents. The French residents were dissatisfied with some remarks which appeared in the *Gaceta*, the government organ, concerning the new French Government. The French Consul General had retired from his official position in consequence of the supposed insult offered to his country.

From Yucatan, accounts had been received up to the 27th ult., from the capital, Merida, confirming the rumors of the continued success of the whites against the Indians; the tide of success seems to have completely changed. They are rapidly recovering the towns which were taken from them, and were, at last accounts, entering the eastern portion of the country, that part which was the most overrun by the Indians. Becala, probably the most important place which the Indians held, had been retaken. Don Lazora Rus had retaken the town of Tinum, distant only four leagues from Valladolid, having completely routed the Indians, killed fourteen of them, and wounded a large number. Accounts had also been received at Merida, of the capture and destruction of Pustenich by the forces *under the command of Col. Zetina*. Notwithstanding those triumphs, however, on the southern part of the penisula, it is to be regretted that the government forces do not contrive to gain possession of the territory occupied by the Indians; as, hardly have they succeeded in gaining possession of some parts, before they are again obliged to leave it.—The insurrection seems to have been most concentrated in that part of the country.

FROM MATAMORAS.—The New Orleans *Times*, of the 14th instant, has the Matamoras *Flag* of the 5th. There was an absurd report current there, that the rabble in the capital of Mexico, had robbed and murdered the American Consul, instigated by Paredes. The latter is a fugative, industriously concealing himself from the Government, so that he is for the moment powerless, for good or for harm.

SALE OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.—A considerable quantity of United States Government property was disposed of at public auction, commencing on the 31st ultimo, by the Quartermaster, Major Chapman. The prices realized were decidedly higher than was anticipated—higher than has been attained for any similar property on that line.

A TAYLOR DECLINATION.

Samuel C. Bonham, Esq., who was placed upon the Taylor electorial ticket in this State by the Febuary convention, has published in the York *Advocate* his reasons for declining from that position. Speaking of General Taylor, Mr. Bonham says:

"He avowed himself as a friend of the great interests of our country, and repeatedly declared that he would not be tied down to the political tenets of any one party; and, if elected President, that, it must be without regard to party; that the welfare and prosperity of the whole people was the ardent desire of his heart, and that the Chief Magistrate *of the United States ought* not to be a party President. This all sounded well, and looked pretty well on paper; but actions speak louder than words; for, in a short time after having fixed his *'platform,'* we find the old General pulling up his stakes, moving off, and pitching his tent in the 'Chinese Museum,' at the assembling of the Whig National Convention in Philadelphia, where, greatly to the surprise and astonishment of many of his best friends, Judge Saunders, of Louisiana, *an 'ultra Whig,'* rises in his place and makes the following statement."

Then follows the pledge made by Judge Saunders, that General Taylor would abide the decision of the convention, and consent to the withdrawal of his name as a candidate should another be nominated, &c. Mr. Bonham then refers to the case of the Independent Taylor party in Maryland, and the reasons why they dropped their candidate and disbanded, and remarks:

"Instead of taking an open, candid and independent course on answering the enquiry promptly in relation to his instructions, to Judge Saunders, and letting the whole people know how it was, he addressed a letter to several of the independent electors and others, in Maryland, in reply to their interrogateries, but enjoins secrecy. It thus seems he has concealments and does not want the people to know how he stands before the country! Gen. Taylor's course, in the matter, is so utterly inconsistent with the position which he had assumed for himself on every occasion on which he has presented his views, in his various letters, that I shall be *satisfied to let him remain in the Army*, believing that having no experience in civil affairs, as a statesman, *he is, and must necessarily be*, on his own testimony, lacking in the qualifications necessary to fit him for the Presidency. On the other hand Gen. Cass, the Democratic candidate, is both a soldier and civilian, and I have been much astonished to find that so little has been urged against him by the opposition. He has been called by the favor and partiality of his countrymen to fill many high any responsible stations in the *government*, without giving his *enemies, or opponents, the least* possible chance of bringing any charges against his character, either as a politican or a man, which shows him to be worthy of the confidence and support, not only of his own party, but of the *people generally*."

Mr. Bonham publishes a letter he received from Gen. Taylor, dated in March, in which the General declares he has no concealments—deprecates party strife, and disclaims being a party candidate.

WHO ARE THE BARNBURNERS?—As the Whigs are very certain that Van Buren will make vast inroads upon the Democratic party, it will perhaps do them good to see definite results as they are developed.—In Tippecanoe county, Indiana, the late election resulted thus:

Doyle, (Dem.) - - - -	1,401
Goldsbury, (Dem.) - - - -	1,362
McCormick, (Whig,) - - -	912
Wade, (Whig,) - - - -	811
Breckenridge, (Free soil,) - -	796
Lutz, (Free soil,) - - - -	576

Let it be borne in mind that these Free soil candidates were professed Democrats.

Now examine the previous votes of this county, and see where this vote came from which is given to these Free soil candidates. In 1844, Tippecanoe stood thus; Clay, 1,550; Polk 1,551. In 1847, for Congress, the vote stood: Brier, (Whig,) 1,351; Pettit, 1,398.

Here it will be preceived that the Free soil Democrats have taken off about half the Whig party, whilst they have not affected the democratic vote at all. Let the editor of the *Journal* read this, and tremble from head to foot. He here sees how the free soil question will use up Whigery.—*Louisville Democrat.*

ONE OF THE IRISH LEADERS.—We clip the following paragraph from the last number of "Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper;" Mahoney, the guerilla chief of the Baryneal, near the *slate quarries*, drills a thousand men every evening at six o'clock; he is a man of powerful stature; his arms are a blunderbuss slung over his shoulders, a pike ten feet and a half long, containing three pound weight of steel, with a pair of pistols slung in a belt of untanned leather. It appears there is a warrant for his arrest, which will be rather a difficult task, as he can summons from the wilds of Slievenamon a formidable force to his rescue.

APROPOS.—The Wabash Courier of 1840, contained *the following*; it is rather *apropos* just now, inasmuch as Gen. Taylor, who teazed the government into providing bloodhounds, is now the Courier's candidate for the presidency:—

"It is laughable to hear the federal editors talk of Harrison's cowardice. What do they really think of General Van Buren's bravery? AND OF HIS SOLDIERS, FLORIDA DOGS, *and almighty valiant fellows, eh!* FIVE YEARS trying to whip a thousand, Indians, *and now have to* ENLIST DOGS *to do what men could not accomplish!* Oh, hush! BOW! WOW! WOW!"

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

Democratic Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS.

OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Gen. Wm. O. Butler,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Morris Longstreth,

OF MONTGOMERY.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

Israel Painter, of Westmoreland

FOR CONGRESS,

James Thompson, of Erie.

Democrtic County Nominations.

ASSEMBLY,
JOHN S. BARNES, of Girard.
SMITH JACKSON, of Erie.

PROTHONOTOEY,
BENJAMIN GRANT, of Erie.

COMMISSIONER,
JAMES WILSON, of Greenfield.

AUDITOR,
D. W. HOWARD, of Wayne.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
HENRY COLT, of Waterford.

OUR BANNER TO THE BREEZE.

Above, it will be seen that our Gubernatorial banner is thrown to the breeze, with the name of MORRIS LONGSTRETH, of Montgomery county, inscribed upon its ample folds. In unfurling his name as the nominee of the Democratic State Convention, we are confident it will be hailed with enthusiasm by the Democracy of Erie county—that "Spartan band" of true hearted freemen, who unawed and undismayed by an overwhelming whig majority in the county, are found year after year firmly and consistently contending for Democratic men and measures, against federalism in all its seductive forms. That Judge LONGSTRETH'S nomination should meet the approbation of such a democracy, is natural. Firm, tried and true themselves, they can appreciate such qualification in a candidate; and these, in an eminent degree, we conceive are possessed by this nominee! From the ranks of the people himself—a farmer of enlarged experience and acquirements—he can appreciate and sympathize with the wants of that great body of Pennsylvania's population. But it is not necessary to amplify—his qualifications are acknowledged by all. Elected one year ago by an overwhelming majority of eighteen thousand, to the responsible office of Canal Commissioner, we have no doubt he will receive the same generous support for the now and higher position to which he has been nominated!

CAN THERE BE A PARTY WITHOUT A CANDIDATE?—What *will* poor whigs do? asks the Boston Post. Gen. Taylor still utterly refuses to be the exponent of what they farcically call their principles. The independents are running away from him because he has accepted the *nomination of the whigs*. The *old gentleman is trying* to call them back by telling them that he is not, and never will be, the candidate of any particular party, but that he has stuck his sail up to catch the wind from whatever quarter it blows; and that he would have *accepted the Democratic, or any other nomination, just as soon as the whig*. This leaves the whigs utterly without a candidate, as a party. There is no embodiment of whigery now extant. Mr. Clay used to be considered a decent sort of a whig; but he is of no account now. He is discarded and put on his good behavior. Webster appears dubious, as though he had not received a satisfactory *answer to the question*, "Whore shall I go?" Poor Corwin has tumbled into the Taylor cauldron, but says he is sinking, and although he feels bound to vote for Taylor, on punctilio, he will not advise any body else to imitate his bad example. Judge McLean has openly bolted—Gen. Scott is silent, and in short, we *know o* but few *reliable* Taylor whigs in the country, whose names were ever heard of beyond the circuit of their own neignborhoods. We suppose, however, there are a *"few more left of the same sort," but it would take a* pack of bloodhounds to find out where they are. The question is, in regard to these out and out whigs—these whigs and nothing else—these whole whigs and a quarter over—what will they do? They have no candidate, no leader, no pattern, no sample, no embodiment, no party, no principles, no anything! Poor fellows! they must feel bad; but they have this consolation—by November they will be past all feeling.

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.—The New York *Herald*, of Saturday, says over 1800 emigrants arrived at the port of New York, from Europe, between sunrise and noon on Friday, and during the afternoon 850 more came in, making the whole number 2750. Since the first day of 1848 the number arrived from abroad at New York is 110,404. The number arrived in July was 24,622.

☞ The Clay Whigs of Hanover county, Virginia, Mr. Clay's *birth place*, have openly revolted from Gen. Taylor. At a whig meeting held there lately to listen to *the regular whig elector*, he was met, and the whole Philadelphia imposture denounced as a cheat, by Mr. Perrin, a leading whig and Clay man of the county. There is a *big screw loose in Virginia*.

☞ The whig press are getting remarkably cool. Our local friends never were known to be as spiritless—Taylor's recent letters have operated upon them like a dose of opium. They are fast asleep, and the only noise we hear from them is an occasional *snore!* Poor fellows!—Such a nominee!

A WHIG FIZZLE.—The "Rough and Ready" *Club* have been in the habit of holding meetings every Monday evening—though their numbers have been growing small by degrees and beautifully less, all the time. Last Monday the whole concern fizzled out flat—Gen. Taylor's Charleston letter done the job so effectually that *even the "Esq." did n't peep.*

☞ The whigs are exceedingly rejoiced that Tom Corwin, of Ohio, has taken the stump for Taylor. Have they forgot that just eleven days previous to the battle of Buena Vista, this same Tom Corwin wished the Mexicans would welcome the old General "with bloody hands and a hospitable grave." We should n't think there would be much consolation in the fact that such a man had taken the stump for Taylor.

A SMALL NIBBLE.—Glory to James Cooper, Esq., Attorney General of Pennsylvania! He has appointed our "great and good" friend, the "Esq." of the *Commercial*, Deputy Attorney for this county. This is a small nibble—a very small nibble—but then small people ought to be thankful for small favors, and we have no doubt our cotemporary is. The Democracy, however, will relieve him even from this, about the first of Jan.

☞ Acting Governor Johnson and Hon. Jas. Cooper, are the rival candidates for the Gubernatorial nomination of the Taylor party. There is but little feeling among the Taylorites on the subject, who regard defeat as inevitable. The result of the August elections have destroyed all their hopes of success—even with old availability!

☞ THAD STEVENS.—A famous old federalist, is to be the whig candidate for Congress from the Lancaster district. It is supposed he will decline going for Taylor.

☞ The Hon. Andrew Ewing, of Tennessee, has written a letter to the Nashville *Union*, announcing his determination not to support Taylor. The Jonesboro *Reformer* contains a list of expected gains in the east district, from which its editor sets it down as safe for Cass and Butler by a majority of at least 3000.

A FEW WORDS MORE TO FREE SOIL DEMOCRATS.

Although we may be charged with giving too much importance to the baker's-dozen of bolters and sore-heads in this county, who compose the Democratic wing of the free-soil party, by referring to them again, we cannot forbear from devoting a small space to their benefit. That *anything we may say* will have any effect with those who, like the great head of the party, Martin Van Buren, have embarked in this Quixotic effort to rear a third party for the purpose of defeating Gen. Cass, and thereby work out their own private revenge, we do not suppose! In fact we do not desire it—*they* have chosen their course, and hereafter the party will be freed from the *weight* of their *influence! Hereafter they* must occupy a position in opposition to Democratic men and measures, and the country will know *where to find them!* We say this, because the groundmust be boldly taken and enforced, that the man who refuses to vote for Cass and Butler, shall no longer be looked upon or considered as a Democrat. But we did not set out for the purpose of reading people out of the party, but to endeavor to read some in. We are aware that there are many *honest* and warm hearted democrats who are conscientiously opposed to the farther extension of the institution of slavery over the territories of the Union. We know there are many such who will give Cass and Butler an enthusiastic support; and there *may be* a few, who, without stopping to inquire into the objects and aims of Martin Van Buren —without enquiring into the *practicability* of this crusade of *revenge*—might be disposed to join themselves to its ranks. To such we address ourselves. We have heretofore shown that Martin Van Buren gave the casting vote in the Senate, while Vice President, to a bill to allow Post Masters to open the mails and abstract abolition newspapers, but his attempts to woo the slave power did not stop there. He *volunteered in his inaugural address a promise to veto an anti-slavery law if it should be passed by congress!* But before this, while Secretary of State, in 1829, he wrote to our minister at the Spanish Court, bidding him urge Spain to make peace with the southern republics of America, *lest they should aid in freeing Cuba from slavery!* He represented that the emancipation of a numerous slave population on that Island would sensibly affect the interests of the Southern section of this Union. And again, in writing to the agent of our government, in Mexico, he cautioned him to oppose "the baneful spirit of emancipation designed to be introduced and propagated at the Island of Cuba." His attempt to restore the Amistad negroes to slavery, is also well remembered; if *he* has forgotten it himself, the gentleman on the ticket with him can give him the facts from the papers of J. Q. Adams, used in defence of these men. Such is the man the self-styled friends of *"free soil"* have selected as their candidate for the first office of the republic! Now do you suppose this caditate is honest in his present course? Can he be? Is it probable—nay, is it possible? Then, who has this "free soil" convention placed on the ticket with him for *Democrats* to vote for? Charles F. Adams—a grandson of John Adams—son of John Quincy Adams, and one of the most bitter opponents of Jackson, in the country. Is it possible that such strong antipathies—such different political theories and so wide a difference in practice, could at once be overcome by a concurrence upon a single principle, when, through a long and active life that principle remained dormant in the breast of the main party? No—no—*Revenge, Ambition*, form the amalgamating power which has commingled such opposite elements. "*The slave power defeated Van Buren in* 1844, *he will defeat the slave power in* '48." This is the cry of REVENGE! This is the cry of Van Buren and his sore-headed worshipers! And to gratify this feeling—the most debased of motives—what are you not asked to sacrifice. The welfare of the nation—its harmony, its prosperity, its union, are set at naught—the glorious principles upon which it is founded, and which have raised it from thirteen states to thirty, from three millions of people to twenty—are counted as nothing. The admonitions of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, JACKSON, and WRIGHT, are scouted out of hearing, and all is to be overturned, destroyed if need be, to gratify the selfish and unworthy purposes of a few individuals, through the action of a deceived sectional party. In the language of SILAS WRIGHT, we say in conclusion, "If there be those among us who, misled by a mistaken sympathy, or by sudden excitement upon any subject, and forgetting their obligations to the whole country, to the constitution and the Union, let us use every effort of persuasion and example to awaken them to a sense of their dangerous error. If those who for the sake of private interest, *personal ambition* or momentary *political success*, are willing to experiment upon the *public passions*, to treat lightly their constitutional obligations, to foment sectional jealousies, *and raise up geographical distinctions within the* Union, let the absence of our countenance and support convince such that the *personal gratification, or public services of any living man*, are not objects of sufficient magnitude to be gained at the expense of the harmony of the country, the *peace of the Union*, or a single letter in the list of our constitutional duties. If among us there be any, which Heaven forbid, who are prepared, for any earthly object, to dismember our confederacy, and destroy that constitution which holds us together, LET THE FATE OF AN ARNOLD BE THEIRS, and let the detestation and scorn of every American be their constant companions, *until like him they shall abandon a country whose rich blessings they are no longer worthy to enjoy.*"

SOUTH CAROLINA WHEELING INTO LINE.—South Carolina has heretofore been set down by Democrats as a doubtful State. She must no longer be so considered.—Her democracy everywhere through the state have been rallying to the standard of Cass and Butler ever since the nomination. So strong has been the demonstration in their favor, that John C. Calhoun, convinced that he could not control the whirlwind, has concluded to ride it. Accordingly, immediately on his return from Washington, a large meeting of his friends assembled at the Theatre in Charleston, and were addressed by him at great length. He advised them to maintain a neutral position for the present, but by no means to throw away the vote of the state in the contest. The meaning of this advice is fully explained by the following resolution, which was passed by acclamation:

Resolved, That the democracy of Charleston district cannot hesitate between the candidates of the democratic and whig parties of the United States for President and Vice President, and for the reasons assigned in the foregoing preamble and resolutions, will support Lewis Cass and William O. Butler as the candidates of our party, for the offices to which they have been respectively nominated.

This is significant, but the course of the Charleston *Mercury*, the well known and accredited organ of Mr. Calhoun, is more so. That paper, on the Monday following Mr. Calhoun's return, comes out with a long article defining its position, and concludes with the emphatic declaration that it "cannot doubt, that, for the same reasons, the legislature of South Carolina will cast the vote of the State for Cass and Butler." These signs, we take it, settle the question, not only in that state, but in Georgia and Florida. With those states, no possible combination of circumstances can defeat Gen. Cass.

"A NOTORIOUS DEMAGOGUE."—Every member of the Democratic party, whatever be his station or prominence, is a "notorious demagogue," according to whig newspapers. For instance, this is the choice expression used by the Frodonia *Censor* in noticing the re-nomination of the Hon. James Thompson. Now it is very easy to make such charges, especially by the Editors of this party. It is their first lesson in the morning—their grace at dinner, and their prayer on retiring to rest. From Jefforson down to the present Executive, all have been, except J. Q. Adams, "notorious demagogues," in their estimation. Every man who has supported them have been "notorious demagogues." Every man who dos'nt go for "Rough and Ready" is a "notorious demagogue." In short, they and theirs, Tom Corwin, Andy Stewart & Co. are the political saints—all else are "outside barbarians"—"notorious demagogues." Now with all due deference to the *superior sagacity* of our friend of the Censor, which the fact of being a colaboror in the same political vinyard with the well known *firm* named, gives him, we beg leave to assure him that if he has the least idea that the Hon. James Thompson is destined to be defeated by the whig candidate in this district, *"he's sucked in about a feet."*

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE—THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME.

The Telegraph announced some days since, the fact that Gen. Taylor had written a letter accepting the nomination tendered him by certain citizens of Charleston, S. C., who were opposed to Gen. Cass on account of his being a *Northern man*, but were friendly to the election of the *Democratic* nominee for Vice President, Gen Wm. O. Butler. The following is the letter informing him of such nomination, and the General's letter of *acceptance*. Comment is unnecessary, as the acceptance effectually deprives the whigs of their candidate:

CHARLESTON, S. C., 26th July, 1848.

SIR:—*In conformity with the desire of my fellow-citizens*, I have the honor herewith to transmit to you a newspaper containing an account of a very large meeting of the Democratic citizens of Charleston, S. C., held for the purpose of selecting you as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Over this meeting, the agreeable duty of presiding was assigned to me. The preamble and resolutions adopted at it so fully explain the views of my fellow citizens as to need no comment *from me*. *Permit me*, however, on my part to add, that with a confidence in that honesty and independence of purpose which you have exhibited in every position in which it has been your lot to serve your country, I entertain the fullest *conviction that should* it be our good fortune to see you elected to that high station, you will so administer the laws of our country, that each section of it will be protected in the rights which it was intended by the framers of the constitution should be guaranteed to all by that noble instrument; which can only prove inadequate when it is pervaded by designing or misguided politicians.

I am, sir, with high consideration and respect,
Your obedient servant,
WM. BULL PRINGLE.

Gen Z. TAYLOR.

BATON ROUGE, (La.) Aug. 9, 1848.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 26th ultimo, officially announcing to me my nomination for the Presidency by "a large meeting of the Democratic citizens of Charleston S. C.," held in that city on the 20th ultimo, and over which you were the presiding officer.

This deliberate expression of the friendly feeling existing towards me among a large and respectable portion of the citizens of your distinguished State, has been received with emotions of profound gratitude; and though it be but a poor return for such high and unmerited honor, I beg them to accept my heartfelt thanks.

Concluding that this nomination, like all others which I have had the honor of receiving from assemblages of my fellow citizens in various parts of the Union *has been generously offered me without pledges or conditions* it is *thankfully accepted*. And I beg you to assure my friends in whose behalf you are acting, that should it be my lot to fill the office for which I have been thus nominated, it shall be my unceasing effort in the discharge of its responsibility duties to give satisfaction to my countrymen.

With the assurance of my high esteem, I have the honor to be Your ob't ser't.

Z. TAYLOR.

Wm. B. Pringle, Esq., President, &c., Charleston.

"O, ITS A LOCOFOCO FORGERY."—Some of the Taylor Whigs will persist in asserting that General Taylor's Charleston letter is a "locofoco forgery!" The *Tribune*, however doesn't appear to think so. In reply to a correspondent, asking information on the subject it says:

"In reply to our correspondent's question, we can only say that we found the letter in the *Charleston Evening News*, where it appeared without date or address, the Editor stating that it was an extract of a letter from Gen. Taylor to a friend in that city, (Charleston.) We had no reason at the time to doubt its genuineness, nor has the paragraph in the *Express* changed our opinion. The *Express* states that the letter was 'copied from a southern *not* Whig paper,' but does not inform its readers that the aforesaid '*not* Whig paper' is a decided advocate of the election of General Taylor to the Presidential chair.

"The *Richmond Whig* publishes the letter, accompanied with editorial comments commending Gen. Taylor for his independence, &c."

REPUDIATING THE NAME.—The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says at the late Whig Convention which nominated Mr. Giddings, and at which the party was fully represented, a resolution was offered by Mr. Prentiss of Cuyahoga, that they would support no man for Representative to Congress "who is not a whig, and who does not openly and unqualifiedly recognize the existence of the whig party." The resolution was voted down, or what is the same thing, it was laid on the table. Alas poor whigery! and to this complexion has it come at last. Even the political god-fathers of the party refuse any longer to acknowledge thee.

☞ The Democratic *Union* pertinently remarks that the late Gov. Shunk beat General Irvin by 18,000 votes. One of the principle charges against the latter was

GRAND WHIG FLARE UP AT ALBANY—SYMPTOMS OF REBELLION!!

A correspondent of the Buffalo Republic, writing from Albany under date of August 26, *narrates* the manner Gen. Taylor's *last* letter, *accepting* the nomination of a few individuals of South Carolina, who repudiated Fillmore, and in his stead placed the nominee of the Democratic party, Gen Wm. O. Butler, was received by the Whigs assembled in that city. The writer says: "The excitement among the Whigs on its (the letter's) reception was intense. The streets were alive with angry politicians. Mr. Fillmore himself did not conceal his indignation. Fillmore, Mr. Hunt, the State Treasurer; Weed, and others, met at the *Journal* office, and in half an hour the following placard bill was in circulation, issued from the *Journal* office and carried around and posted by one of the editors in person (Dawson,) and by an officer in the State House, and others, for at that hour it was too late to wait for the usual "bill-stickers:"

"WHIG RALLY.—The Whigs of Albany are requested to meet this evening at the capitol at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of considering Gen. Taylor's letter accepting the nomination of the TAYLOR and BUTLER meeting at Charleston, S. C."

At 8 o'clock there was a large and deeply excited meeting at the Hall of the capitol. Judge Parmerlee, late Mayor of the city, an original and heretofore devoted Taylor man, presided. James Kidd, county treasurer, John Schoolcraft, (both members of the whig State committee) and Ald. Hewson, were Vice Presidents. Lewis Eardict, jr., the surrogate, and James T. Stevenson, were Secretaries.

On taking the chair Mr. Parmorlee stated why the meeting was called, and read from the Albany *Atlas* an account of the proceedings of the Charleston meeting and explained that the meeting was composed of Democrats, who had avowed their party principles and coupled with them the declaration that the south should combine to defeat the Wilmot proviso, and assert, if necessary, by force, their right to extend slavery to the new territories; and who resolved to dissolve the Union rather than submit to the provisions of the Wilmot Proviso, and finally *repudiated the nomination of* FILLMORE, and put the name of BUTLER in his place on the TAYLOR ticket. Judge P. then read the correspondence of Gen. Taylor, accepting this nomination. He then explained that Gen. T. had been nominated at Philadelphia as a whig, and had accepted. But, continued Judge P., there have recently appeared in the papers a number of letters from Gen. T. accepting various nominations, and now here is the acceptance of one that not only emanates from an opposite party, *but a consent to run on a ticket from which our* FILLMORE *is stricken off and the Baltimore nominee for Vice President substituted.* It was a question therefore for the whigs of the United States and the state of New York, to say what course they would take in the emergency.

Those remarks were received amid many strong manifestations of feeling.

Ald Haswell, late County Clerk, a hearty and earnest speaker, rose to say that he had heard the news but a few moments since. For one he regarded it as a direct insult to Mr. Fillmore and to the whole whig party of the state, and for one he would no longer support the candidate guilty of it. His advice was to act at once, call a state convention or a national one and nominate Harry of the West and Fillmore of the North. He concluded amidst an uproar of excitement.

Lewis Benedict, Jr. followed. He had supported Gen. Taylor from the first, and believed that he could be elected, and he confessed (for it was a penitential confession he was now making) that the idea of availability had principally governed his choice. But he would go no further. He could not support a candidate occupying the position of Gen. Taylor, relative to the whig party till he would not further support him, till he gave an explicit definition of his position on the free soil question.

Judge Carpenter (formerly of Otsego, I belive), declared that he was original Clay man. He desires his nomination at Philadelphia. He heard with sorrow that Taylor was nominated, but he was told that Taylor would come out as a whig. He had waited and been disappointed, and now he had received instead this extraordinary acceptance. For himself he would not vote for such a candidate. He put the question to the audience. Would they? An unanimous shout "No," was the response.

John A. Collier, state delegrate to Philadelphia, and who had presented the name of Fillmore to that body and secured his nomination next came forward. He was cool, he said, perfectly cool—too much so he was sure to let the *tempter of the excited audiences before him*, although no one could feel more indignantly than he the provocation which had brought them together. He advised caution, deliberation, postponement of action.—We must do nothing, he said, which might lead to the election of Cass, whom we all despise. The whig state convention, soon to assemble, (Sept. 14th), would speak the sentiments as to this proceeding, for the whole state and in a way the most effective.

Mr. C. gave a history of the Philadelphia nomination. If he and his friends from New York could have controlled the convention they would have prevented Taylor's nomination. But they were overpowered and submitted. He had tried to support the nominee; but he had to swallow many hard doses of late. With some wry faces he had managed to get them down—but as to the last dose, he should at least look at it a spell before he attempted to swallow it; and he certainly did not feel like making the attempt to-night.

The chair appointed a committee on resolutions, of which Collier is chairman, to report to a meeting on Monday night. The excitement continued great throughout the night, a large crowd was gathered in front of the *Journal* office, and a procession with drums, trumpets, &c., paraded the streets after the adjournment till nearly midnight, breathing the most violent animosity to Taylor. To what final shape this *indignation* will resolve itself, I will not attempt to predict, but it is the determined purpose of the whigs here to give to the Taylor nullifiers a "ROLAND FOR THEIR OLIVER."

ANOTHER TAYLOR LETTER.—We have not yet, it seems, seen the end of Gen. Taylor's letters. Still another has just made its appearance in print, though written as long ago as March last, to a gentleman in York, Pennsylvania, in answer to an enquiry whether the letter to the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, was really genuine. In this York letter, Gen. Taylor acknowledges the Ingersoll letter as his, and affirms that it contains nothing more than he had frequently stated to others. But it goes further. It reiterates in a form at once explicit and direct, the precise position taken by him at the start, and which he has over and over again adhered to with tenacity, in consenting to be a candidate. We quote the passage referred to, as published in the York Advocate:

> For many years past, I have sincerely deprecated, as I believe, have every true patriot in the Republic, the excesses in the administration of our national affairs, into which party strife has thrown our People—and when, therefore, I was solicited by gentlemen from various quarters of the Union to consent to the use of my name in connection with the Presidency, I consented *with the express condition that I should not be tied down to the political tenets of any one party.* To this position I believe I have constantly adhered and *for no consideration can I be induced to abandon it.*
>
> I beg leave to say, in conclusion, that while it affords me sincere gratification to learn that many of my fellow citizens approve of the course which I have adopted in relation to this subject, yet I hope that some of them, in so doing, will be induced by *their friendly feelings* toward me *not to violate in the slightest degree their due sense of their political obligations.*

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

Mr. Samuel G. Bonham, York, Pa.

GEN. JACKSON'S TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF GEN. TAYLOR.—The Whig papers are parading a statement that Gen. Jackson had pointed to Zachary Taylor as a suitable man to *command an army*, as a proof that he was fit for the Presidency! This is like the man who claimed to be of kindred to the Irish, because he loved Irish potatoes.

☞ The *Commercial* doubts the "genuineness" of Gen. Taylor's Charleston letter, but thinks it is all right, any how. It is astonishing how easily satisfied some people are.

☞ His *accidency*, Acting Governor JOHNSON, has received the Federal nomination for Governor. Good—he's an easier nag to beat than Cooper!

EASILY SATISFIED.

The whigs, as a party are the easiest satisfied of any body or combination of humanity that ever existed. In the first place they swore by the ghost of Billy Morgan and the spirit of Anti-Masonry, that they would not bow at the shrine of the man Greeley termed a "journeyman throat-cutter." The "National Slaughter-house," however, nominated him, and forthwith he was just the man of the people, destined and raised up by the Almighty to bring back the government to the purity of its early administration. They were easily satisfied! O, said they, although he has n't shown himself much of a whig, and never voted in his life, when he accepts the nomination of the "great whig party" he'll make every thing clear—he'll pledge himself to whig measures, in such plain language that even "locofocoism" will no longer doubt. Nursing this belief with the tender care of a fond mother, week after week they waited for the expected letter. At last the fact was ascertained that the "old General," not deeming his *chances* with such a nomination worth *ten cents*, had refused the letter informing him of his nomination, and it had been trundled off to the *Dead Letter* office, at Washington. Well, *said* Whigery, we can't blame the old fellow much for treating our nomination with such disrespect—his postage must be *enormous!*—They were easily satisfied again! Well, another letter was dispatched, *postage paid*, and by due course of mail an answer was received. But lo! instead of defining his position—instead of endorsing the well known measures of whigery—he writes them a studiously polite letter thanking them for the nomination, *and that was all!*—Then caps went up, and whigery was again easily satisfied! Every body, of course, then thought he had surrendered his independent position, and was a party candidate—not so with the old General. He writes to Mr George Lippard, that such is not the fact—that he is "not a party candidate." The letter is a forgery, says whigery, *but if it is n't, it's all right! Again they were easily* satisfied! Scarce was the ink dry in this epistle, before another appeared which went farther still, and declared that he would have accepted the democratic nomination had it been tendered on the same terms! This was pretty hard to swallow—but then, when did whigery ever find a mouthful that could choke it? Never! And down this went, "locofoco" legs, arms, claws, and all! Again were they easily satisfied. And now the "old General," to show his "availability" and *contempt* for their party nomination, has *repudiated* their candidate for the Vice Presidency, and *accepted* a nomination on the *ticket* with Gen. Wm. O. Butler! Will they swallow this, too?—Will they be as easily satisfied as formerly? From indications at Albany, in which Mr. Fillmore himself participated, we are inclined to think not. But we shall see!

AFRAID TO LET THE PEOPLE READ THEM.—Alas poor whigery! to what a pitiable plight are you reduced. Two important letters have been received from your candidate for the Presidency, and yet the organs of the party *dare not* publish them! Who ever heard of the like before! One declares that he would have accepted a Democratic nomination if it had been tendered him, and the other clinches the nail by *actually accepting one on* the same ticket with Butler! And both too after he had *accepted* the whig nomination! Now, Messrs. Whig Editors, out with these letters—let the people see them! They had much rather examine them themselves, than to take your say-so!

His (Corwin's) talents, his popularity, his position on the Slavery question, his whole-souled devotedness to the Whig cause, all conspire to render him powerfully efficient as an *advocate of the principles* and candidates of the Whig party.—*Gazette.*

Thomas Corwin "an advocate of the principles and candidates of the whig party," is he? Is it such advocacy to denounce the soldiers who bravely fought our battles in Mexico, as "cut-throats, murderers and robbers?" Is it to vote against giving them provisions, clothing and their wages? Is it to denounce the Government of the country? Is it to wish our brave soldiers a *hospitable grave?*" Is it to declare that they deserved to be met "with bloody hands, and welcomed to hospitable graves?" If so, then Tom Corwin, the great Taylor leader of the North, is "an advocate of the principels" of the whig party. *If it is, then Thomas Corwin and his* endorsers are *traitors.* We leave it to any sensible man, *who loves his country, to say* whether he be a traitor or a patriot. We leave it to our returned volunteers, to pronounce their judgment upon him and his party, at the polls in November. We know what that judgment will be—ninety out of every hundred, will pronounce him and his party traitors.

☞ The Seneca Falls *Courier*, publishes TAYLOR'S letter to LIPPARD, and says—"It is certainly a matter of very serious regret that the whig party, at this late day, should thus find themselves in the field without a candidate."

☞ The hard cider congress, elected in 1840 passed a tariff bill, which taxed both tea and coffee. The bill was reported by one Millard Fillmore of New York, the same man whose name flies at the head of the federal papers for Vice President of the United States!

THE ISSUE.—We trust that democrats will constantly bear in mind, that *the national* issue must be between *Cass* and *Taylor.* This is the alternative. Votes on a third candidate will be thrown away. We know that *no true* democrat will even indirectly aid Gen. Taylor.

UNION MAGAZINE.—The *September* Number contains among other interesting articles, "The Proud Miss McBride," "The Lost Children," "The Beggar Ship," "The Time to Die," and the "Legend of Northburga," The embellishments are "The Lost Children" "The Solitary," and "The Fashions," Published by JAS. L. DEGRAW, 140 Nassau st., New-York.

☞ Wisconsin extends from Lake Michigan to the Lake of the Woods—a distance of a thousand miles.—Dividing the whole territory into two equal parts, each part would be as large as the great State of New York.

☞ Lieut. Emory, of the *Topographical Engineers*, has been nominated by the President to run the boundary between the United States and Mexico. The choice could not have fallen upon an abler officer.

CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican says that the survey of the route for this road will be commenced at Vinconnes in a few days. Afterwards the route from Vinconnes to Cincinnati will be commenced.

TOO BAD.—Rev. Samuel R. Ward, "colored gentman," bolts the Buffalo nominations. He can't go that kind of Amalgamation—he prefers something more practicable. Wise Samuel!

GREELEY'S LAST POSITON.—The following is from the New York *Tribune*:

> "We would like to see our candidate openly, heartily, frankly, in favor of Protection to Home Industry, River and Harbor Improvements, and so on. But we will waive all this, and agree to support Gen. Taylor heartily from the moment in which he plaints himself openly and frankly on FREE SOIL. Is that asking too much?

NEW HAMPSHIER.—The New Hampshire Patriot says:

> We are receiving business letters every day from different parts of the State in which the writer generally speaks of political matters. And they all tell the same story. No where in the State can we hear of a reliable democrat who hesitates to support Cass and Butler, while federalists who openly denounce and repudiate Taylor are found in every town.

> CANAL COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
> HARRISBURG, Aug. 26, 1848.
>
> *To the Editor of the Erie Observer.*

SIR:—You will please give notice, through the medium of your paper, that the Canal Commissioners will be at New Castle, (Mercer county,) on Monday 11th September next, for the purpose of commencing the assessment of damages on the Erie Extension and French Creek Feeder, under the act of the last session of the Legislature. They will proceed up the line from New Castle as fast as the nature of their duties will permit. Claimants must present their papers before the Commissioners pass the damaged portions of their property.

By order of the Board,
THOMAS L. WILSON, Sec'y.

☞ An 1840 whig, who was disposed to be a free soiler upon hearing of the Buffalo nomination, said, "Well, we've got Taylor, and we've got Van Buren again—all we want now is a few bloodhounds to revive old times."

By Magnetic Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Tri-Weekly Observer.

ARRIVAL OF THE

NIAGARA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.
ADVANCE IN BREADSTUFFS.

NEW YORK, August 31—7, P. M.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 19.—Breadstuffs are improving—wheat up 2da3d—flour 1sa1s6d. Red wheat 5s2d, white 8s9da9s. The fear of the potatoe rot is entirely confirmed. The crop is lost. The weather has been fluctuating, but generally bad for the harvest.

Lard 6da1s better. Bacon 1s better. Mess Pork 19s. Old Prime 43s6d. Shoulders 22sa27s. Ham 28sa34s.

On the 14th the Manchester magistrates struck a blow against Club organizations, by arresting fourteen of the chief leaders of the various clubs. The Gedham Chartists have appeared in considerable numbers on parade. Large bodies of the police made a sudden attack upon a chartist club in Wedder street, and captured fourteen men. They were found to be armed with pistols loaded to the muzzle, pikes, three cornered daggers, spear heads, and swords. An ample supply of amunition, shot and balls. At Ashton, Lyone, and other districts around Manchester, mobs have paraded the streets, armed with pikes and guns.

IRELAND.—Messrs Meagher, O'Donnehue and Leyne, have been arrested, and the police and soldiers have engaged in a hot pursuit after O'Gorman and those of the confederates who are still at large. The Catholic clergy of Ireland are generally doing all they can to keep the peace. Five persons have been seized in Armgh. These persons had crossed over from Argrosson, in Scotland, and took the Ulster Railroad from Armgh. They consisted of three Americans and two Frenchmen; and one of the journal men, in noticing the fact, says they had £2000 upon them, another £1250.

Arrests continue to be made, and active proceedings are on foot to bring O'Brien to trial. The British Government has made several arrests of the Irish chartists in England. The South of Ireland is tranquil. Application has been made for the postponement of Mr. Duffy's trial, as a letter found among O'Brian's papers implicates him in the charge of high treason.

FRANCE.—A state of siege still continues in Paris.—About 1700 persons have been found guilty of having taken part in the insurrection, and 2000 have been set at liberty.

Now Frigates have been ordered to be fitted up at Brest for the reception of the insurgents.

The greatest anxiety continues to prevail respecting the disclosures which the printed evidence of the late insurrection is expected to unfold. The debate on the question will take place on Monday next, but the intervention of Gen. Cavaignac will prevent violence and bloodshed. The intervention of Gen. Cavaignac is expected to create him a vast number of enemies. Numerous arrests continue.

NEW YORK, August 31, 7 P. M.

Market for flour continues buoyant, with good demand for supplies of four or five thousand barrels per day.—Sales have been made to considerable extent out of store. The transactions reach 6,000 bbls at $5 67a5 75 for common, $5 87½a$6 for new wheat, and $6 50 for fancy and extra brands. There were also sales of 1,000 or 1,200 bbls fine at $5 44a5 50. There are orders for shipment, but the market is beyond the reach of buyers. At the close there was nothing to be had below $5 75 for fair common brands. Included in the sales were 1,500 bbls. Ohio and Michigan flat hoop, at $5 75.

The market generally shows an improvement of 6d to-day. The demand for wheat is good, and holders of *desirable lots ask former rates.* Sales 5,000 bu Genesee were made at $1 12; for another parcel $1 12½ was refused.

Corn has again improved, and the demand is active.—Sales 60,000 bu. Perhaps more sales were made at 57a60 for mixed, 61a63 for flat yellow than at any other figure. Sales included 10,000 bu Southern white to arrive. Of these sales 25,000 bu was round yellow.

Oats very dull at 32a34c. Demand for mess Pork is good, and $11 37½ was refused for large lots. Prime is rather dull. Sale of 1,000 bbls at $8 87½a8 90 was made and $11 37½a11 50.

LARD.—4 or 500 bbls at 8a8½c. 100 kegs at 9c.

Whiskey 23½a24c

BUFFALO, August 30—3, P. M.

Produce market more active than yesterday. Sales of 800 bbls good Ohio flour, this morning, at $4 81 1-4; 870 bbls. Frontier mills, Black Rock, at $4 75; 1000 bbls fair Western at $4 75, and 300 bbls., common brands, at $4 72.

Sales of 6300 bush. Sandusky wheat at 93½ cts; 4000 Monroe wheat at 97 cts., a beautiful article.

Corn has advanced. Sales of 1,700 bu mixed, at 43c Holders generally, asking 43a45c.

Oats, 22a23c.

High Wines 20½a21c.

☞ Great preparations are making for the State Fair, which is to be held in this city next week. Indications are that it will be a magnificent display of the products of industry. Eminent Agriculturalists are constantly arriving from every section of the Union.

☞ There are various lives of General Taylor in print, and none of them contains the blood-hound letter, that we have seen. We commend this important matter to the grave consideration of the Senate of the United States.

Oh!—Hear what the N. Y. Star says of the New York editors:—"The undertakers intend to put editors on the free list, and will bury them gratis. They are safe in making such promises, since many of our editors are destined to be *immortal!*"

THE LIPPARD LETTER.—Some of the whig papers have had the boldness to deny the genuineness of Gen. Taylor's letter to George Lippard, of Philadelphia. The *Ledger*, however, says that the letter was first published in that paper, was put up in type *from the original manuscript*, and had Gen. Taylor's own signature.—In addition, Mr. Lippard, himself, is out with a letter giving the whole history of the affair. This of course settles the question as to its genuineness.

☞ The New York Journal of Commerce says that Mr. Van Buren "swallows the Buffalo resolutions, horns, hoofs and all, even going for an increase of the Tariff, ostensibly to pay the national debt, but really, as many will suspect, to carry favor with a portion of his very newest friends, the Ultra-Clay-High-Tariff Whigs.—Exactly so!

☞ FEVER AND AGUE is speedily cured by Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue. The shallow complexion and jaundiced eye which often precede its attacks, are but few days entirely removed. The health of thousands has been perfectly restored by this medicine, when all other remedies have failed. Its operation is not simply to suspend the disease for a time, but to purify the system, and restore it to sound and perfect health.

A small *Treatise* on the causes, treatment and cure of Fever and Ague, and other diseases of bilious climates," may be had *gratis* of the undersigned agent.

☞ The Rev. L. L. Adams, of Euclid, Ohio, says that Vaughn's Vegetable Lithontriptic Mixture has made a vast number of cures in his vicinity, in the space of a year, and no medicine has ever equalled it in sales.

We do not believe that in the whole history of patent medicine business the like can be produced.

Vaughn's sales are now enormous all over the United States, Canada, South America, &c. What an income the article must be, and what a business, too, to take care of. His newspaper contracts for advertising are some $20,000; but we are not going into a detail of the business, reader. If you want to know what it cures, read the advertisement in this paper. Call upon agents and get a pamphlet. Ask for G. C. Vaughn's Vegetable Lithontriptic Mixture.

MARRIED:

On the 28th inst., by the Rev. W. B. Lloyd, Mr WILLIAM C. DEWEY and Miss SARAH R. SMITH, all of Columbus, Warren county, Pa. [The printers were appropriately remembered.]

On the 31st ult., in *Wesleyville*, by the Rev. G. P. Brown, Mr. Stephen J. Davis, of Delaware county, and Miss Philena F. Gates, of Wesleyville.

DIED:

On the 26th inst., Mrs. JANE BALL, of Erie, in the 62nd year of her age.

On the 24th ult., in this city, Mrs. Abigal Philips, in the 98th year of her age. On the day following, Louisa, infant daughter of the above deceased, aged 9 months.

CRANBERRIES.—Just received, a good article, by
August 30, 1848. H. COOK.

FEVER & AGUE

Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Intermittent & Remittent Fevers & all the various forms of Bilious Diseases

SPEEDILY & THOROUGHLY CURED by Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue

The following are a few among the many Testimonials of the great value of the Cholagogue. Their *source* is such as will, at least, entitle the medicine to a *trial.*

☞ From Hon. E. Farnsworth Chancellor of the State of Michigan, to the *agent at Detroit.*

DETROIT, March 23, 1843.

SIR:—I have made use of Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue, and have had opportunities of witnessing its salutary effects when used by others. I believe it a most valuable medicine for the cure of *Fever and Ague*; and also, that its proper use will prove a *most certain preventive* against its recurrence, to which persons who *have been* afflicted with it are liable. Very respectfully

E. FARNSWORTH.

☞ From Hon. Z. PLATT, Attorney General of the State of Michigan, to the Agent at Detroit.

DETROIT, March 2, 1842.

SIR:—Having personally experienced the good effects of Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue, I most cheerfully comply with your request by presenting my testimony in its favor. In my own case, as well as in many others which have come under my observation, this medicine has effected a speedy and permanent cure; and I have the fullest confidence in it as a *preventive against*, and an effectual remedy for *fever and ague.* It is said to be equally beneficial in bilious diseases generally, but my knowledge of it is confined to cures of *fever and ague*, and as a remedy for such, I cordially recommend it. I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Z. PLATT.

☞ From Rev. Charles Reighley, Chaplain of the U. S. Army, to the Agent at Detroit.

FORT GRATIOT, Mich., Oct. 20, 1841.

My Dear Sir:—I feel not the slightest hesitancy in saying that I consider the India Cholagogue an invaluable medicine in bilious affections. My reason is simply this; I have used it. On my recommendation, many others have used it, and *I have yet to learn the instance in which it has failed to effect a cure.*

Yours very respectfully, CHARLES REIGHLEY.

Be particular and inquire for Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue, and take no other. For sale by

BURTON & PERKINS,
4m9 Agents for Erie and vicinity.

Attention! Eagle Fire Company!

THE members of Eagle Fire Company No. 2, are requested to meet at their Engine House on Saturday, Sept. 2d, at 4 o'clock P. M., fully equipped as the law directs. A punctual attendance of the members is requested. By order of the Foreman.

August 30, 1848. J. D. JAMES, Secretary.

WILSON & LATTIMORE,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. *Office over the Erie Bank.*

J. P. WILSON, M. D. WM. P. LATTIMORE, M. D.

LUMBER.

A LOT of first rate Hemlock Building lumber for sale at A. KISE'S Lumber Yard, 6th St. Landing, by

August 21, 1848. RUST & KELSEY.

FOUND.—Picked up, yesterday, at the west end of the Park, a medium sized, brass, door Key, which the owner can have by paying for this advertisement. August 18, 1848.

New Goods.

I HAVE just received a splendid assortment of Lawns, Linen *Ginghams, Dotted white Swiss Mulls, Colored Emb'd Swiss* Mulls, White watered Silks, Col'd Satins, Col'd Silk Velvet, Bonnet Ribbons, Col'd and White Ribbons, assorted Silk Fringes and Gimps, Gents' Italian Cravats, Ladies' French worked Collars, Lisle Linen and Mull Edgings, Silk Emb'd Vestings, Shawls, &c. &c., which will be sold for cash cheaper than ever.

August 1, 1848. H. CADWELL.

Lime! Lime!

PRICE ALWAYS 25 CENTS.

FRESH LIME constantly on hand and for sale at Freeport, North East, by A. POPE & Co.

August 4, 1848. w2m12

New Goods.

FIRST arrival of New Goods at No. 1, Reed House, being part of a large stock soon expected, consisting of new styles Prints *Ginghams, Linen Ginghams, Linen Lawns, and Lustres, Plain* Berages, and other goods suitable for the season. The Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine goods and prices.

August, 16, 1848. P. METCALF.

ERIE ACADEMY:

THE FALL TERM OF THE ERIE ACADEMY commences on Monday, Sept. 4, proximo, under the superintendence of Mr. J. HENRY BLUCK, A. B., Teacher of Languages, and the Natural Sciences, assisted by Mr. EDWARD F. B. OSTEN, A. B., Teacher of Mathematics and German; Mr. DANIEL P. EMENS, Teacher in English Literature, Penmanship and Vocal Music, and Miss EUSEBIA JOHNSON, Teacher in the Female Department and in the French Language.

TUITION PER QUARTER.

In the Languages	$4 00
In Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.,	3 00
In other Branches,	2 00

There will be no extra charge except for Music and Drawing.—For the benefit of those desirous of preparing themselves to teach Common Schools, special instruction will be given with a view to that object.

The Academy commences the year under very favorable auspices; and the Trustees have perfect confidence in recommending to the public, the Teachers in their respective offices, being assured that on the part of them, no efforts will be wanting to make the Institution equal to the expectations of its friends and patrons.

THOS. H. SILL, Pres't. GEO. A. ELLIOTT,
Erie, August 25, 1848. 13 Secretary.

RIE MONEY

BOUGHT and sold, by B. A. Manchester, Real Estate and Exchange Broker, No. 8, Seneca street, Buffalo.

☞ $1200, for sale at 80 cents on the dollar.

Buffalo, August 23, 1848.

STRAYED.

Strayed from the Subscriber, living in Venango township, a black Stag with a star in its forehead, about four years old, bush of the tail mostly gone, no other artificial marks. Whoever will return stray Stag, or give information so that I can get it again, shall be suitably rewarded. J. S. VANTASSELE.

August 23, 1848.

Deer's Hair.

3 TONS Deer's Hair just received and for sale low at the Hardware Store of H. CADWELL.

July 14, 1848.

GRASS CLOTHS for skirts and Sun bonnets; red French window Muslin, Pointed Landscape Shades, and other rich New Goods, just received per express and railroad by

June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

150 GALLONS Copal Varnish, among which Coach, Furniture, Chair and White. Also Japan for dyeing.

June 28. CARTER & BROTHER

Barley.

CASH, and the highest market price, will be paid by the subscriber for good, clean Barley. ALFRED KING.

Erie, Aug. 15, 1848. 14

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the improved farm on which he now resides, in Greene township, in the settlement knowns as "Young's Town." The farm contains about 100 acres, 70 of which are under cultivation. The improvements consist of a two-story *frame dwelling, two frame barns, and sheds*, together with all other out buildings necessary. There is also about 300 appletrees, mostly grafted, pears and peaches in abundance. The land is well-watered and timbered, and situated in an excellent neighborhood, and convenient to market, it being only five miles from Erie. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

ASA WHITTIER.

Greene, June 17, 1848. 3m5

FEE MONEY taken at par for Groceries, Wines, Liquors, &c., at No. 1, Perry Block, by T. W MOORE.

Erie, August 11, 1848. 13

KID and Seal Slippers and Walking Shoes, Men's Gaiters and Slippers at the old Jew Store, French street. M. KOCH.

April 13, 1848. 1

CASH FOR WOOL.

WOOL! WOOL!!—Cash paid for Wool on the corner opposite the Court House, by C. B. WRIGHT.

Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

THE BEST assortment of Band Boxes in the county for sale by

May 8. H. COOK.

100 BBLS. SALT, on hand and for sale low, by

Aug. 16. H. COOK.

BONNETS! BONNETS!—Gimp, Lace, Devon and Leghorn Bonnets for women and children, at the old Jew store, French street. M. KOCH.

April 13, 1848. 1

North East Academy.

THE next Term will commence on the second Monday of September, and continue eleven weeks.

TUITION PER TERM:

For common English branches,	$2 50
For higher English branches, and the Latin and Greek languages,	3 00

Instruction is also given to all the classes in Elocution and English composition. Z. SMITH, A. M.,

North East, Aug. 14, 1848. 4t14 Principal.

FRESH FRUITS

PINE Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Figs, Raisins, Currants &c., for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by

June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

Wagon for Sale.

A FIRST rate, new, Two Horse Wagon, for sale for ERIE MONEY. Inquire of T. W. MOORE.

Erie, Aug. 11, 1848. No. 1, Perry Block.

CAME to the enclosure of the Subscriber, living in Harborcreek Township, on the 23d of July last, near Hurst's Tavern, a pair of three year old steers, one red, and the other brindle, with a cross on its right ear. Whoever owns said cattle are requested to call, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

August 12, 1848. 3t14 M. WIGHTON.

Notice.

DR. HUNTER, having *established himself permanently in the* village of Weigleville, will be found ready to attend all calls in his profession. From his long experience in *Medical Practice*, he feels confident that he can give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. DR. C. HUNTER.

Weigleville, July 31, 1848. 13

New Covered Buggy for Sale.

WE desire to sell a new and good Covered Wagon, or would exchange it for a good, young horse. Enquire at Erie Foundry. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

August 4, 1848.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTRY on the estate of S. Bennington, late of North East township, dec'd., having been granted the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement. NOBLE C. REMINGTON, } Adm'rs.
ARDEN HEATH, }

August 12, 1848. 6t13

STRAY COW.—Strayed from the subscriber, in Erie, on the 6th inst., a middle-sized, dark-red Cow, about five years old, no artificial marks. Whoever will return said Cow, or give information where she may be found, shall be liberally rewarded.

Aug. 16, 1848. 3t14 EZRA MILKS.

SALERATUS.—Saleratus by the box or cask, always on hand and for sale cheaper than at any other place in town. Enquire at the Tin Shop of JOSEPH KELSEY,

Erie, Aug. 10, 1848. corner French and Fifth sts.

Stray Heifer.

BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, living in Wayne tp., about the 25th of October, 1847, a 2 year old red Heifer, with one lop horn. No artificial marks. The owner requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take it away.

WM. BRIGHTMAN.

Wayne, August 22, 1848. 2t16*

TEA! TEA!! TEA!!!

NEW YORK CANTON TEA COMPANY'S AGENCY,

No. 1, Perry Block, State St., Erie, Pa.

真眼熙
正珠生

T. W. MOORE,

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Tea-drinking inhabitants of this city and vicinity to the *Canton Tea Company's Superior Teas*—subject in all cases to be returned if not approved of. Among which may be found;

GREENS.

Good YOUNG HYSON,	$0 50	per lb.
Fine do	63	"
No. 2 Fragrant do	75	"
No 3 very Fine do	1 00	"
Good HYSON,	73	"
Very Fine do	1 00	"
Good HYSON SKIN,	50	"
Very Fine do	75	"
Good IMPERIAL,	1 00	"
Very Fine do	1 25	"
Extra Fine do	75	"
Good GUNPOWDER,	1 25	"
Fine do		

BLACKS.

No 1 SOUCHONG,	$0 50	per lb.
No 2 do	63	"
Finest do	75	"
Fragrant POWCHONG,	various prices,	
CONGO,	various prices,	
Fine OOLONG,	50	"
Very Fine do	75	"
Extra Fine do	1 00	"
NINGYONG,	various prices.	
HOWQUA, or finest Black Tea imported,	1 00	"

☞ TAKE NOTICE!—The Canton Tea Company are the exclusive venders of the superior Black Tea called "HOWQUA'S MIXTURE."

Every package, (in addition to its containing full weight independent of the wrapper,) bears the stamp of neatness and elegance, and the Teas therein are so thoroughly secured from light and air, that their quality and power will remain unimpaired in any climate. For sale at No 1, Perry Block.

ARRIVAL OF SPLENDID GOODS

At the Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Store of

G. LOOMIS & Co.

HAVING made large additions to our former stock by recent purchases in New York, and extended our business for the manufacture and sale of work in our line, we shall in a few days *be prepared to accommodate the public with a good assortment* which, for quantity, quality and cheapness, has never been excelled, if equalled, in this city.

The stock comprises clocks, watches, Jewelry, lamps, girandoles, looking glasses plated and britannia ware, Bohemian ware, musical instruments, gold pens, fine cutlery, Steel Work, together with numerous fashionable articles, suitable for the Summer and Fall trade. Particulars hereafter, when at least a look will be expected at the goods.

N. B. All kinds of clocks, watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner by experienced workmen. Also, seal and other engraving done on short notice.

State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, and one door below Spafford's Bookstore. Erie, July 1, 1848.

BLACK, Blue and Brown Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds and Kentucky Jeans, for sale as cheap as the cheapest, at

GEORGE SELDEN & SON'S.

June 10, 1848. No. 5, Cheapside.

New Store--New Goods.

THE subscribers have removed their stock of Goods to No. 5, Cheapside, one door South of Messrs. Tibbals & Dewey, where they are now receiving a general assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Iron, Nails, &c., which have been purchased lately at reduced prices, in the Eastern Cities. The Goods were purchased cheap and will be sold cheap, and would invite their old customers and the public to call and examine quality and prices. [May 27] GEO. SELDEN & SON.

HOUSE TRIMMINGS.—A good assortment of all kinds of Locks, and House Trimmings to be had unusually cheap, of

June 10. C. B. WRIGHT

WOOL! WOOL!!

THE subscribers having entered into partnership in the manufacturing business, are ready to manufacture wool into cloth at the Yankee Town Mills, on the following terms, viz: For cash, steam mill, Black, Brown, and Stuff colors 6½ cts. per yard. Cassimeres 32cts, Satinetts 25cts., White Flannel, from the loom, 20cts., Pressed Flannel and Blankets 25 cts. per yard. We will also manufacture on the shares, as usual. We will card and spin wool into Yarn for from 13 to 16cts per pound, according to quality. We have also a quantity of Cloths and Satinetts on hand which we wish to exchange for Wool on reasonable terms. Wool will be carded into rolls, as usual, for 5cts per lb. The above prices are for cash, and no grumbling. We also keep on hand an excellent article of pumps which we will exchange for wool or any thing a farm can raise.

H. N. HILL,
Mill Creek, May 27, GEORGE HILL.

Harborcreek Woollen Factory.

THE proprietors of this establishment, having made considerable addition to their machinery which is all new and of the best kind, and having experienced workmen in all the different branches of their business, are ready to exchange cloth for wool, or manufacture for pay, by the yard, on reasonable terms. They have on hand a large quantity of different kinds of cloth, flannels, blankets, shawls, cassimeres, and tweeds, as well as light summer-wear of different bodies and qualites, to exchange for wool. We give one yard of cloth for 2½ pounds of wool, as goodas the wool will make.

Carding and Cloth-Dressing done as usual.

All kinds of produce taken for pay, and a liberal discount Cash.

P S—We are preparing to make Broadcloth.

RHODES, CASS & Co.
Formerly Thornton & Co

Harborcreek, May 1848

ERIE MARBLE FACTORY.

THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he continues to *carry on the Marble business* at the old stand on Ninth Street, between State and Peach, nearly opposite the Academy, where he will keep on hand at all times, a large stock, consisting of the different varieties of white and variegated marble, suitable for grave-stones, (set in sockets or without,) Tomb-tables, monuments, &c. Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine stock and prices. As I am not to be undersold, I pledge myself to furnish any thing in my line, from 15 to 25 per cent less than it can be had of the traveling agents for Eastern Factories.

Erie, July 8, 1848. 1y9 J. R. COCHRAN.

MORE LIG

Miscellany, Politics and News.

MACHINE POETRY!
SPOONS AND HIS SALLY ANN.

BY SPOONS, O. G.

Lately came across my Sally Ann—Whom I had missed for some months—sitting under the shade of an apple-tree, upon the edge of evening, singing most melodiously, thus:

"When the little birds sat on their nests;
And cooies to the young wheat bled;
And flowers hung down their dainty crests,
And Philomel her sweet trade plied.
With my heigh-ho!
Whether or no.
Kiss me but once before I go,
Under the tree where the pippins grow."

My old machine felt involuntarily to work; and in less than five minuter, I "stood confessed" in her beautiful presence, reciting the following verses:

While little birds are go'ng to roost,
And cooies to the tavern hie;
And flowers seem all to need a boost,
And Phillsie her trade doth ply.
With my heigh-ho!
Whether or no.
I'll kiss thee once before I go,
Under the tree where the pippins grow.

I kissed her once, I kissed her twice,
Though oft she said me nay;
Perhaps she had me kiss her thrice
Before she let me go away.
Sighing, ho-hum!
Garnmon and gum,
But kiss me again before you go "hum,"
Under the tree where there are apples—*some.*

A WESTERN COURT SCENE.

Judge B——of Missouri was, in many respects, a remarkable man. He stood six feet two in his boots, and was fond of a frolic as the most rattling lad in the country. He could drink liquor, "lift" a heavier "bag o' meal," and play a better game of "poker," than any man in the circuit. These admirable qualifications, of courserendered him the most popular judge on the bench of his State. Yet he never lost his dignity while on the bench. *There*, he was, stern haughty and dignified. The least approach to familiarity, while he was sitting in court, was always resented by a fine, and sometimes by imprisonment.

Well; it happened one day, while he was "holding court," that Mr. Dewzenbury, a rough looking, but independent customer, came into the court room with his hat on his head. This the judge considered an indignity offered to the court, and forthwith ordered Mr. D. to take off his hat.

To this Mr. Dewzenbury paid no attention, which being observed by "this honor," he ordered the sheriff to "take that man's hat off."

"Take your hat off," cried the sheriff.

Mr. Dewzenbury remained motionless, while the judge proceeded to business. At last, raising his eyes, "this honor" again discovered the incorrigible standing with his hat on his head.

"Sheriff!" cried the court, "take that man's hat off."

The sheriff approached and repeated the command of the judge.

"I'm bald," said Mr. Deewzenbury "and can't comply."

"You can't!" exclaimed the judge, waxing angry, "then I fine you five dollars for contempt of court."

"What's that you say, judge;" replied Mr. Dewzenbury as he walked deliberately up to the judge's stand.

"I fine you five dollars, sir, for contempt of court."

"Very well," said Mr. Dewzenbury as he carefully put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a fifty cent piece. "Very well, here's the money," handing the judge the half dollar; "this squares us, judge. *You owed me four dollars and a half when we quit playing poker last night, and this half makes us even.*"

The bar roared, the crowd smiled, and the judge pocketed his "change" without uttering a word.—*Yankee Blade.*

TAYLORISM IN VERMONT.—A gentleman of intelligence and respectability, residing in Winsor Co., Vermont, and a whig of many years standing, but a bolter from the Philadelphia ticket, states that the prospect for Taylor in that State is extremely dubious, if not utterly hopeless. The disaffection of the Whig ranks he declares to be universal. Having lately visited on business, every town in his own county of Winsor, the strongest Whig county in the State, which gave 3300 for Eaton, Whig, for Governor, last fall, to 1700 for Dillingham, he declares that he scarcely discovered a specimen of that *rara avis*, a Taylor Whig, in his whole route. No enthusiasm for the nomination, not the ghost of it could be any where seen. As an illustration of the state of popular feeling, he remarked that on the fourth, at Winson, while some three or four thousand persons, mostly Whigs, were assembled in open air in the evening, to view the fireworks, a person who probably wanted an office under Taylor, having climbed a tree, protruded his figure at a moment he deemed favorable, and swinging his hat in the air with a gesture and manner which appeared as tho' he was mad with enthusiasm, and was confident of awaking it in others, shouted, "Three cheers for General Taylor!" There was no response but silence. Not one answering cheer! nothing but the echo of his own hoarse shout. Had he called for huzzas for Prince Metternich or the Ex-Dey of Algiers, he could not have made a more dead failure. The gentleman affirms that the same feeling exists throughout the State.—*Boston Post.*

FEMALE ADDRESS AND COURAGE.—In the interesting letters which Mr. Kendall is writing from Paris to the New Orleans *Picayune*, a variety of incidents are related exhibiting the bravery of the Parisian women, and their ingenuity in conveying messages to troops in different quarters of the city, during the revolution. The following is an illustration of the thousand schemes resorted to by the insurrectionists in order to gain information, during the time the conflict lasted, of the operations in progress against them in the parts of the capital not disaffected. All this was of immense importance in directing their movements:—

Bound heart and soul to the fortunes and person of one of the leaders of the insurgents was a young and intelligent girl, whose resources in the way of procuring and transmitting intelligence were inexhaustible and never failed her. At one time, when the line of communication of the revolutionists had been cut by the capture of Cite, and when it was more important than ever to open a correspondence between the isolated parties still contending, the girl carried a letter safely through a score of lines of sentinels, although closely searched by all of them. And how? She tore the letter the leader of one extremity of the line had just written into bits, and crumpling them up worked them into her hair hastily as hair papers! The ruse succeeded—she was not suspected. In a disguise admirably adapted to the part, she on another occasion accompanied a poor old blind flageolet player entirely through the lines which guarded every street, and pretending she was taking the mendicant to his lodgings, succeeded, by secreting a letter in his flageolet, in carrying through intelligence of direst import.

GOOD.—We know of a couple, not a hundred miles from the capital of Hoosierdom, who carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young gentlemen had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, everything like a match was strenuously opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbid visiting at his employer's house. During the winter season, as the old gentleman was in the habit of wearing his cloak, the young couple made him the innocent and unsuspecting bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak during the dinner-hour, and when the father had returned to the counting-house and thrown off his cloak, the young lover would go and take out the lady's epistle, read it, and send the reply back in the same manner. It is needless to say that love and ingenuity were finally successful.—*Madison (Ia.) Banner.*

ADVICE THROWN AWAY.—"I advise you not to get married," said a middle aged man to one that was about to get married. "For if you want to be happy, let the women alone. I was married about ten years and saw but two happy days during that time—one was when I got my wife and the other when she died." "Don't care for that," said the other, "I mean to have one happy day then at any rate."

Thanksgiving in New Hampshire is appointed for the 16th of November.

By Magnetic Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Tri-Weekly Observer.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

New York, August 26—3 P. M.

The Britannia arrived at Boston at 9 ¼ o'clock this morning.

Affairs in Ireland have not materially changed, though every day seems to lessen the probability of any serious outbreak.

W. S. O'Brien was arrested on Saturday last, at the Railroad station at Thurles, whilst in the act of procuring a ticket for Limerick, where it is said he intended taking refuge among his friends. Immediately after his arrest he was marched to Bridewell, and subsequently conveyed to Dublin, and lodged in Kilmainham Jail.

He is said to have expressed himself satisfied of the hopelessness of accomplishing his object, and he was induced to leave his retreat in the mountains because the father he went the more the people seemed to fear any communication with him.

He is said to be cheerful, his wife is allowed to visi him, and his friend are permitted to converse with him, in the presence of the jail authorities.

There does not appear to have been any serious disturbances since the Cambria sailed.

There does not seems, according to English papers, to be any prospect of an outbreak, as long as the government sustains the present a titude of repression.

Numerous arrests continue to be made. We notice the names of Mr. Carn, Mr. Bergen, shipbroker, Mr. Nolan, of the United States. Richard O'Gorman, on attempting to escape from the country was arrested by the coast guard after he had crossed the Shannon in an open boat. Notice was sent to the police, but before they arrived O'Gorman had persuaded his captors that he was a mere traveller from Kerry to Clare, and was suffered to escape. He boarded a vessel for America, in which he has escaped. A war steamer has been despatched after the vessel.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.—Breadstuffs dull. Corn 30a32s. Flour 29a30s. Meal 15s 6da16s. Wheat red, 6s 10d; white, 7s 6da8s 6d. *London* Flour 24a 28s. Cotton easier; fair demand.

☞ The steampacket Thames arrived at Kingston on the 1st instant, reported that great excitement prevailed at Bermuda, on account of the news received from the United States that the Irishmen residing there intended to attack that place, to rescue John Mitchell the Irish patriot.

☞ General Taylor has written a letter accepting the nomination for President by the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, which nominated Butler for Vice President. He therein repudiates all political pledges.

☞ Dates from Jamaica to August 5th says:—Ruin has already seized the greater part of the population. Starvation is fast following in its train.—Universal gloom is the only feature noticeable in our streets. Business is also at a stand, and, in a word, the inhabitants of this Island look forward to the future with distrustful anxiety and dismal forebodings.

☞ The Planter's Bank, at Kingston, stopped payment on the 28th ult.

THE PRIVATE AND THE OFFICER.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who signs himself a private in the army, speaks in the following pleasant vein of some of the private soldier's misfortunes:

It is also consoling and pleasant to us to know that our brave officers, who fought so well, (with a little assistance from the soldiers) have been recommended for their valor and patriotism. Some of them, I hear, are to have gold medals as big 'round as saucers, and half an inch thick. Who will now say that republics are ungrateful—to officers?—There's a few of us who will never be able to dance very well, and I myself have got only one leg; but but what of that? The other was lost in the service of my country, and that country has generously allotted me a pension of ninety-six dollars per anum for the balance of my natural life, which I shall get, if the Commissioner of Pensions ever *takes up my papers*, and *provided always*, that Congress does not see fit in its wisdom, to deprive me of it one of these days; and ninety-six dollars will clothe me pretty tolerably well, seeing that my pantaloons will come cheaper by one leg than they used to do.

You see, Messrs. Editors, losing a leg doesn't trouble me as much as it would some others, because it is a sort of hereditary misfortune. My grandfather lost a leg at Lexington, my father lost a leg at Lundy's Lane, and I lost one in Mexico; so that it may be said to *run* in the family; and by the time my son Ethan is old enough to go a soldiering, we *shall most likely have another war*, and Ethan will have a chance to follow in the *footstep* of his predecessors. Our family, with this exception, have always maintained a pretty good footing, although there are few who would be willing to stand in their shoes.

GEN. TAYLOR'S NEGROES.—It appears that Gen. Taylor denies having purchased land on the Rio Grande, and having sent $10,000 to the city of Washington, to be expended in the purchase of slaves; and therefore we must believe that he is not guilty in these particulars: but it is claimed that he is a "Wilmot Proviso" man, and an enemy to the extension of slavery. Here are some *facts*, which it will be difficult to disprove, that are stated by a New Orleans correspondent of the Boston Post:

"If Gen. Taylor is, as alleged, a Wilmot proviso man, and indeed, as some presses have declared, opposed to slavery, how comes it that he, Gen. Taylor, did, during the month of May last, purchase of a negro trader in Esplanade street, between Moreau and Victory streets, in this city, some four or five negroes in the name of his son Richard Taylor? Also he did, on the 6th day of June last, purchase of another slave trader in the same street, two other slaves; he examined them, and had them disrobed, or undressed, if you please, to ascertain whether they were sound or not, and paid, $750 for each. These are facts, and I will send you on the documents:—Again, a certain house, no less than Beard, Calhoun & Co., have now an order from the General to procure for him a slave who is a blacksmith, although purchased in the name of his son; he pays the money and superintends the purchase. Does this look like being opposed to 'holding men in bondage?'—What will those sticklers against slavery who were and are willing to take Taylor as a good enough anti-slavery man because Fillmore is on the ticket, say to this?"

SECRET OF UNHAPPY HOMES.—Why goes forth that man on Sunday evening from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from the engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly?—Why *sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented*, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the strongest affection is nourished? And why, seaching into deep depths, does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his home! The truth has to be told: but, oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell. It is because woman does not fully appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present condition of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife, she is different from what she was as a mistress. She is employed in drudgery for her children and household. She neglects her dress, she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change; does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the condition she labors under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table! and she increases in years. That much is owing to the present circumstances of social life is true; but that much of it is chargeable to a sad submission to those circumstances, is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of women to make their domestic life more pleasant and attractive to their husbands, and more holy in its discipline and ends than they now do. A great regularity in time; a great simplicity in dress; a more determined adherence to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others; an orderly apportioning of various periods for different occupations; would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they are now doing.

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.—This extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient.

GREAT FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicine is, while it eradicates disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Fall and Winter medicines ever known. It not only purifies the whole system, strengthens the person, but it creases new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicines. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 20,000 of these were considered incurable.

More than 3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism;
2,000 cases of dispepsia;
4,000 cases of General debility and Want of Energy;
7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints;
2,000 cases of Scrofula;
1,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy;
8,000 cases of Consumption;
And thousands of cases of diseases of the blood, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the Face, &c., together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c., &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from Physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable Druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventative of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season. It has never been known to injure in the least the most delicate child.

RHEUMATISM.

This Sarsaparilla is used with the most perfect success in Rheumatic complaints, however severe or chronic. The astonishing cures it has performed are indeed wonderful. Other remedies sometimes give temporary relief, this entirely eradicates it from the system even when the limbs are dreadfully swollen.

☞ Hear Mr. Seth Terry, one of the oldest and most respectable lawyers in Hartford, Conn. The following is an extract of a letter received from him:

DR. TOWNSEND.—I have used one bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and find it is excellent in its effects upon a chronic Rheumatic pain to which I am subject, from an injury occasioned several years ago, in a public stage. Please send me two bottles to the care of Dr. Seymour. I have conversed with two of our principal physicians, and they recommend your Sarsaparilla.

Hartford, March 12, 1845. SETH TERRY.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Coughs, Coughs, Asthma Spitting of Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Hectic flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be cured.

DR. TOWNSEND—Dear Sir: Nearly twenty years ago I took a violent cold which settled on my lungs, and affected severely; indeed, finally it became a constant hacking cough, but not so severe as to prevent me from attending to my business. Within the last few years it increased on me gradually. At last I became reduced—I breathed with difficulty, and raised with my Cough much bad matter, and for the last nine months previous to my using your Sarsaparilla, had regular night sweats; indeed, my friends and myself supposed that I would die with the consumption; but I have the happiness to inform you that to my surprise, after using three bottle of your Sarsaparilla, I find my health restored. It relieved me gradually, and I am enjoying better health than I have for 25 years. I had almost entirely lost my appetite, which is also returned. You are at liberty to publish this with my name in the papers, if you choose.

My little girl, who is three years old; had a very bad cough the whole of last Winter. While using the medicine I gave her some of it; and it soon entirely relieved her, as well as myself, and she is now well and hearty as any child I ever saw. She was also full of little blotches; it took them away and her skin is smooth and fair now; and I am satisfied she recovered her health from using your excellent medicine. S. W. CONANT.

GIRLS, READ THIS.

You who have pale complexions, dull eyes, blotches on the face, rough skin, are "out of Spirits," use a bottle or two of the Doctor Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It will cleanse your blood, remove the freckles and blotches, and give you animation, sparkling eyes, fine spirits, and beautiful complexion—all of which are of immense value to unmarried ladies.

TO MOTHERS & MARRIED LADIES.

This Extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "the turn of life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventative for any of the numerous and horrible diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed several years by using this medicine. Nor is it less valuable for those approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assistnature, by quickening the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed this medicine is invaluable for all the diseases to which women are subject.

It braces the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies—by removing the impurities of the body—not so far stimulating the system as to produce a subsequent relaxation which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

SCROFULA CURED.

This certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with dud sores, have taken only four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation.

Yours respectfully,
ISAAC W. CRAIN, 100 Wooster-st.

New York, March 1, 1847.

CAUTION.

Owing to the great success and immense sale of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, a number of men who were formerly our Agents, have commenced making Sarsaparilla, Extracts, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., generally put it up in the same shaped bottles, claiming that theirs is far superior and four times stronger than Dr. Townsend's, &c., *hoping thereby to deceive the public. Some of these* unprincipled men publish counterfeit certificates; others have induced their brothers and other interested persons to allow the use of their names, which they put to paper to give them respectability.—One makes a medicine, and puffs it with respectable names *procured by using Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla*, publishes *them as* cured by his stuff. He also publishes the certificate of a person who styles himself an M. D., who hiends boes, dige wells, and doc*tors* horses by turns for a livelihood. They also published certificates signed by fictious names stating they have used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and that it injured them &c. These, and a great variety of other tricks are performed by these men, to sell their trash. The public should be on their guard, and look out for counterfeits.

Notice.—After the first of January, 1848, none will be genuine unless they are put up with a magnificent copper plate label, containing the fac simile of Dr. Townsend's name, thus—S. A. Townsend.

Principal office, 126 Fulton street, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8, State street, Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2nd street Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 141, Charles street, New Orleans; 163 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies, and the Canadas.

CARTER & BROTHER and BURTON & PERKINS, Wholesale and Retail Agents for Erie County—J. S. Hopkins for Springfield.

May 1, 1848. 1y39

EARLY ARRIVAL OF CHEAP GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving his full stock of Spring Goods, the first in market, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Iron and Nails, &c., &c. My stock is sufficiently large for the market, and well selected; as to puffing in the newspapers of great quantities of Goods, more than three times the amount of what they really have on hand, I still leave to newer and smaller stores. My Goods are bought cheap and will be sold as cheap as can be bought in this city AT RETAIL, as I intend to sell for cash, and will make it an object to those that pay down for their Goods to purchase from me. Call and see for yourselves, and I think you will be satisfied with quality and prices.

GENTLEMEN'S GOODS.

Black and Blue Black Cloths; Indigo Blue, Brown and Cadet mixed do.; Black fancy and mixed Cassimeres; a fine French article do.; Satinnetts, Kentucky Jeans, Ac. Jeans, fine drill, and any quantity of Summer stuffs, for pantaloons, coats, &c., together with many other articles too numerous to mention.

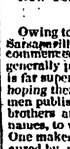
LADIES DRESS GOODS.

Cashmeres, Muslin de Laines, French German and Scotch Ginghams, Earlston do., Mohair lustre, and linen Ginghams, a fashionable article; plaid and plain Linen, for travelling dresses; Alpaca of assorted colors, and prices, striped and plaid Lawn Silks; Swiss Muslins, Jackonet, Cambric, barred and dotted Muslins, and a large lot of summer Shawls, dress Handkerchiefs, Cravats, &c., Ladies kid gloves, black and white and colored, of the best quality; black, white, and colored silk gloves, lisle thread and cotton do., black silk hose, black and white cotton do., gentlemen's hose and half hose, white, brown and mixed; gentlemen's black, white and colored silk Gloves; black, white and colored lisle do., Ladies' slips and walking Shoes, children's do; Linen Cambric and Linen handkerchiefs; silk Bandana, do., Spitlifield do., Ginghams, and cotton do.; Dimper crash and towelling, huckaback do., English and American Ginghams, Lawns, and Mohair checks, nice and cheap.

Erie, April 8, 1848. SMITH JACKSON.

MOLASSES.—8 Hhds. Cuba, Sugar House and New Orleans Molasses, to be sold at New York Prices, transportation added. [June 10,) ALLYN & COIT.

Ready-Made Clothing at the Clothing Store, Commercial Exchange.



THE subscriber has now on hand at his NEW CLOTHING STORE, a very extensive assortment of first rate CLOTHING, made up in the latest style and in the best manner, which he is determined to sell for CASH

25 per cent. Lower

than any other establishment in this place. His stock of Clothing comprises every grade, from superior to common, and no one who patronizes the establishment shall be disappointed in regard to quality, cut or price. Notice the following:

Superfine and Fine French Black Dress Coats;
English Tweed and Mohair Sack Coats;
Black Summer Cloth Coats of every Cut;
Black and Fancy Cassimere Pants;
Satin, Silk, Merino and Cassimere Vests;
Linin and Cotton Clothing of every kind;

☞ For Sailors and Canallers, OIL CLOTH CLOTHING AND TARPAULINS.

ALSO, Fine and common Shirts, Silk shirts and drawers, Merino do. Cravats, Collars, Stocks, Bosoms, stocks, suspenders, &c. &c.

He has experienced and fashionable Cutters employed and will cut and trim in the best manner and make all kinds of clothing to order, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

The public are invited to call and inspect the clothing in the new and cheap establishment in the Commercial Exchange, French st. opposite the Banner Hotel. MOSES KOCH.

May 19, 1848. 1

NEW GOODS

THE subscribers are just receiving a very full stock of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS consisting of almost every variety of *Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware* and *Crockery*, all of which have been purchased at unusual low rates, and will be sold as low as at any other House in Erie. They invite their old customers, Ladies and Gentlemen, and the Public generally, to call and examine their assortment before purchasing elsewhere J. HUGHES & Co.

Erie, June 10, 1848. 8

Lumber Wanted.

I WILL pay CASH for 300,000 feet of Hemlock Lumber, delivered at my dock in Erie. Bills will be given for the find wanted Also for any quantity of Popular, Cucumber, White Oak, White Ash, Cherry, Chestnut and common Pine Lumber.

Erie, April 22, 1848. WM. TRUESDALL.

NEW GOODS.

WE are just receiving our supply of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS to which we invite the attention of the public generally, with full confidence that in quantity, quality, style and cheapness, our stock will be found unsurpassed by anything in this city. With a steady determination to stand wholly upon our own merits, we leave lengthy advertisements and stereotyped puffing to our more *gassy neighbors.*

Erie, April 29, 1848. BROWN & McCARTER 30

Erie Money Wanted.

ERIE MONEY received at par for Goods, at the *lowest rates* they can be bought in the Borough for any other kind of funds. Call at METCALF'S,

July 14, 1848. No. 1, Reed House.

FIFTY Bbls. Buffalo Rectified Whiskey for sale very low for cash, by May 22. H. COOK.

New Cabinet Ware Room.

J. A. MAY would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he has taken the stand on the South East corner State and Eighth streets, (a part of which is occupied by L. Warren, as a sash, door and blind Factory,) where he intends to keep on hand a general assortment of Cabinet Ware, which he will be happy to exhibit to all who may want articles in that line. His arrangements are such that he will always have on hand the best of seasoned Lumber of the first quality, from which he will manufacture in the best style any article in his line of business. Being a mechanic himself and thoroughly acquainted with the business of Cabinet making in all its various branches, he intends to do his work in the *best and latest style*, and by so doing he intends to secure a liberal share of patronage. Call and examine quality and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. Coffins made to order on a shorthotice.

Erie, April 23, 1848. 3m48

CASH STORE!

AFTER this date I have determined to sell Goods for *Cash only*, at Wholesale or Retail full 30 per cent. below former prices. Cash customers will do well to examine our *Goods* and *Prices*, before going to Buffalo. May 12. H. CADWELL.

A CARD,

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the gentlemen of Erie and vicinity that he has opened a TAILORING SHOP on the South side of the Public Square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank, where he will at all times be ready and happy to wait upon those who may favor him with a call in this line of business. From long experience in some of the principal shops in London and other European cities, and strict attention to all business which may now be entrusted to him, he confidently hopes that he shall be always deemed worthy to receive a share of public patronage. His work shall be executed in such a manner as will bear a close and important inspection, and always in accordance with the prevailing fashions.

N. B.—Cutting done on the sportes; notice.

JOHN GOLDING.

Erie, March 25, 1848. 3m45

FRENCH, Scotch, and English Ginghams, small plaid, fashionable styles; Printed Lawns; Organdie; French Printed Jaconet Brilliants; Striped Madonna's; Striped and Plaid Linen Ginghams, any quantity or quality, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

June 9, 1848. 4

WILLOW WAGONS, large and small, always on hand, by H. COOK.

June 12.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

CONSISTING of French and Scotch Ginghams Balzorines, Printed Lawns and Jenny Lynde Muslin. Also a great variety of Worsted and Linen Net and Ombre Berege Shawls, just received at No 2 American Block State St. M. MAYER.

Erie, June 7th, 1848.

NEW GOODS FOR THE POPULAR TRADE.

JUST receiving the most extensive, richest and cheapest assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' DRESS GOODS ever exhibited in this market—comprising a large and well selected assortment of LADIES' fine Dress Goods, suited to the fashions. Our arrangements are such that he will always have on hand the best of seasoned Lumber of the first quality, from which he will manufacture in the best style any article in his line of business. Being a mechanic himself and thoroughly acquainted with the business of Cabinet making in all its various branches, he intends to do his work in the *best and latest style*, and by so doing he intends to secure a liberal share of patronage. Call and examine quality and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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N. B. I would invite the attention of the young Ladies—this being the year of promise—to our rich assortment of fine Goods, just right for the occasion, at 30 per cent. below former prices. In short our motto is the nimble sixpence, and for Cash we will sell Goods a shade lower than any house west of sunrise.

Erie, April 17, 1848. H. CADWELL.

SODA BISCUIT.

A FRESH supply of Spencer's (Buffalo) Soda Biscuit, justreceived and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by

Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

OLIVE OIL.—A superior article for family use for sale very low by (May 8.) H. COOK.

400 M. 1st Quality Pine Shingles, for sale by

June 23. CARTER & BROTHER.

PARASOLS, from one shilling upwards, for sale by

[June 10) ALLYN & COIT.

FRUITS.

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block, a large quantity of Figs, Prunes, Raisns, Oranges and Lemons, which will be sold low for cash.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

JUST received and this day opening at No, 2 American Block, a general assortment of Dry Goods suited to the season, together with Groceries, Crockery and Hardware which will be sold unusually low for cash or ready pay.

M. MAYER.

Erie, June 7th, 1848.

ORANGES, Lemons, Apples, Figs, Dates, Raisins and Candy on hand for the Fourth, at H. COOKS.

July 1.

CITRON, English Currants, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, etc. at

May 8. H. COOK.

WINDOW GLASS.

5000 FEET of McCully's best window glass, of all sizes from 8 by 10 to 24 by 30, just received and for sale by the box or light, cheaper than can be bought elsewhere in this city, at the sash shop of L. WARREN, south-east corner of State and Eighth streets, Erie. April 15, 1848.—48.

RECEIVED this day by express from Harper and Brother the following new work, viz: History of Congress, Biographical and political, comprising memoirs of the Congress of the United States, by Henry G. Wheeler, at SPAFFORD'S.

June 28. 24

Boot And Shoe Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased the Shoe Stock and rented the stand of Samuel Hays, on the east side of the Diamond, second door from the corner of Sixth street, which he intends taking possession of on the 1st of March next, and he will be happy to see and accommodate his old friends and customers, and the public at large. He flatters himself that he will be able to make BOOTS, SHOES and all articles in his line of business, to order, with neatness, durability and dispatch, and on moderate rates. He hopes to receive, as he will endeavor to deserve, a liberal patronage.

He will constantly keep on hand an assortment of well made Boots and Shoes, which he will sell as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be had elsewhere. A. GABLE.

Feb. 28, 1848. 3m42

EAGLE WOOLEN FACTORY, FAIRVIEW

WE would inform the wool growing and cloth weaving public that we have entered into a copartnership hereafter to be known as McCreary, Thornton & Co. We have one entire set of new machinery, as good as can be procured in the country, and we are now prepared to manufacture or exchange cloths cassimeres, Tweeds, Shawls Blankets and Flannels for wool. We have long experienced workmen in all branches of the business, and we confidently expect a full share of public confidence and custom of the Public. We flatter ourselves to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their custom.

Custom Carding, Spinning, and Dressing, done well, cheap and quick.

Grain and Factory supplies, well seasoned with Cash, will be acceptable for goods and work.

DAVID McCREARY,
JOHN THORNTON,
THOMAS THORNTON,
BENJAMIN COATES, Erie,
SAMUEL LILEY, "

Fairview, May 1, 1848. 51

ADMININISTRATORS' NCTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Reter Hartman, late of Millcreek township, dec'd., having been granted the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate temake immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate toprecent them properly authenticated for settlement. HENRY GINGRICH, Adm'r.

June 10, 1848. 6t4

50 PIECES Figured and striped all Wool and half Wool Carpeting; Floor Oil Cloths, &c., for sale cheap at the Old Jew Store, on French street. April 13, 1848. 1

GOODYEAR'S Patent Metalic Rubber Fabrics, of the following descriptions, on consignment; Overshoes, Horse Covers Carriage Cloth, Air Beds, Air Pillows, Air Cushions, Water Paits, Tobacco Pouches, Fishing Boots, Ladies Aprons, Coats, Caps, Cloaks, Tarpaulins, Elastics, Sou' Westers, Men's Clothing, Traveling bags, Sun Cases, etc., etc., at the Agency, Telegraph Building, French street. M. KOCH,

April 13, 1848. 1

For Sale.

A VALUABLE FARM, containing about 160 acres of Land, mostly cleared, and has a valuable orchard and other improvements, situated about 1½ miles from Girard village, being part of the Farm of the late Thomas Miles. Said Farm will be sold very low, and a liberal credit given. Enquire of Girard, Feb 29, 1848.—tf41 G. H. CUTLER, Agent.

LEGHORN and Palm Leaf Hats at G. SELDEN & SON'S.

[June 10] No. 5, Cheapside.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

ARRIVING IN LARGE QUANTITIES at the Old Jew Store, in the Telegraph Building, on French street. Moses has just returned from the cities, safe and sound, and in great good humor, (of course,) after purchasing a very large, a very pretty and a very cheap lot of GOODS. These goods he has determined to sell on the principal of "SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS," and to get them out of the way as soon as possible, if not sooner, therefore any man, woman or child wishing to buy GOODS cheap, will know where to go. Our assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & CROCKERY is complete. Please notice the following Silk and Fancy Goods:

Plaid Foult de Soi, Swiss and Barred Muslins,
Watered do Embroidered Robes,
Black Gros du Rhine, Rep Silks, assorted colors,
Florence, assorted colors, Linen and Mohair Ginghams,
Tissue & Cashmere Shawls, Canton Crape Shawls,

Lace Caps and Collars, Swiss, Thread, and muslin Edgings, Ribbons and Flowers Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c:

Also, French Black Clothes and Cassimers, Fancy and Summer Cassimers, Cashmerets, Mohair and Worsted Coating of every description Satin, Fancy Silk and Cashmere Vestings, Silk and Satin Scarfs, Stocks and Ties, Silk Linen and Kid Gloves, Gumelastic Suspenders; Collars, Bosoms, etc. April 12, 1848.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

STATE STREET ONCE MORE AHEAD!—I ROSENZWEIG & CO., are now receiving at the New Jew Store, No. 1, Fleming Block, a new and splendid assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c. &c., &c., which will be sold a little cheaper than can be bought at any other establishment this side of sun down. Among his stock may be found—

BROADCLOTHS.—French, English and American black, blue brown, gold and zadet mixed Broadcloths, cheap as the cheapest. Also, Dress and Frock Coats of the same material which for durability and finish can't be beat.

CASSIMERES AND VESTING.—Fine French, English and American Cassimeres—beautiful vestings, and superior pantaloons and vests of the same.

SUMMER WARE.—An excellent assortment of Summer ware, which cannot fail to please.

CALICOES.—Superior Calicoes, from 6 to 12 cts. per yard. Call and see them.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.—Under this head we have every thing to adorn the female form divine—such